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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE GAS-MEN'S STRIKE.

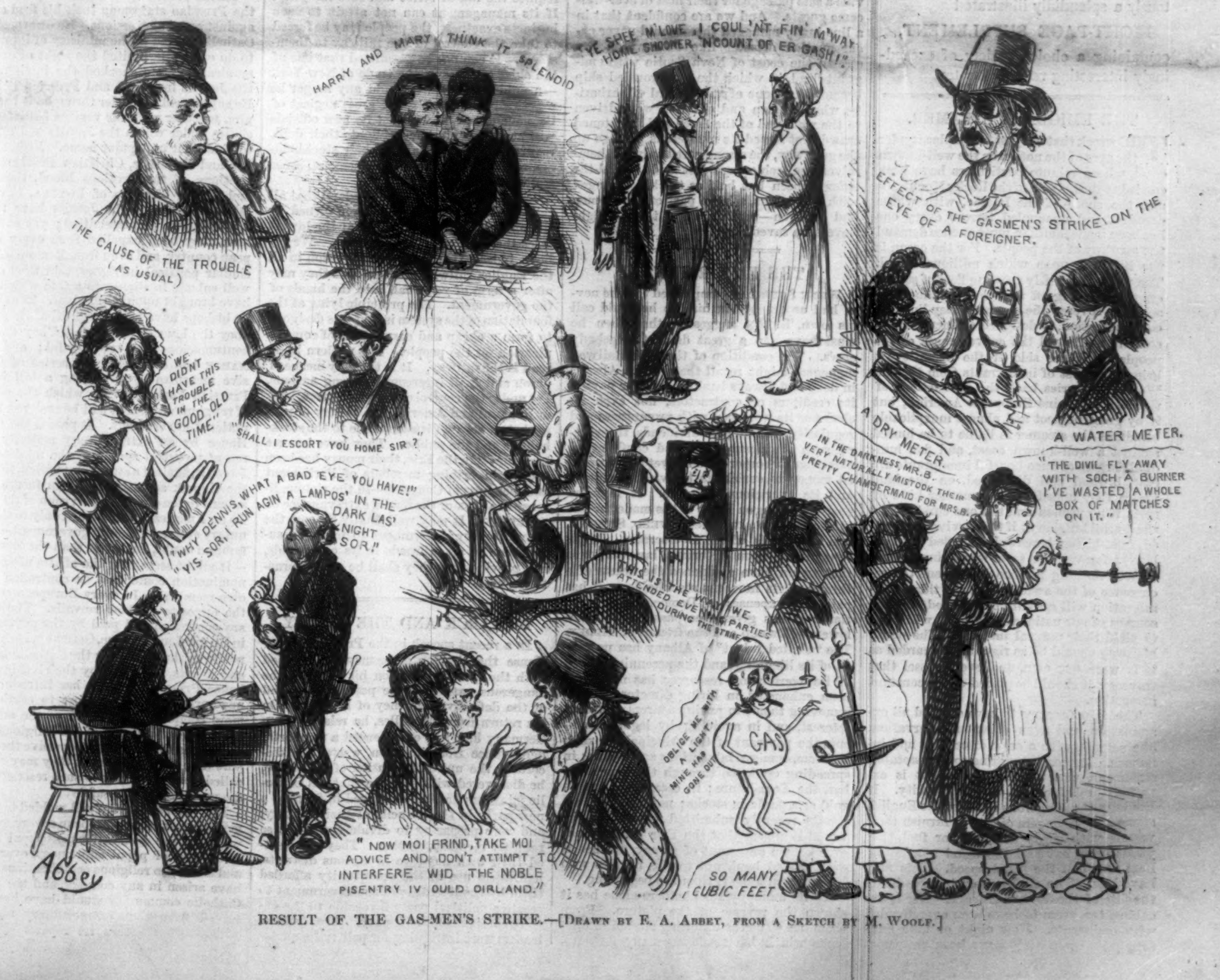
A SHORT time since the gas-men in the employment of the New York Gas-light Company made a demand for the enforcement of the eight-hour law in the works of that company, which, as the operations have to be carried on without cessation day and night, would involve the employment of three sets of workmen. The company refused to accede to this demand, and the workmen at once "struck" in a body, with the expectation of coercing their employers into compliance. But for the firm attitude and prompt action of the company this strike would have involved the city in serious calamities. Except a failure in the supply of water, nothing could be more disastrous in a city like New York than a failure in the supply of gas. Even with the streets brilliantly illuminated by street lamps and from shop windows, assaults and robberies are of frequent occurrence at night; and with the city involved in total darkness, crime would hold high carnival. The imagination can hardly picture the possibilities of such a reign of terror. The police force, barely adequate to control the dangerous classes under the most favorable conditions, would be powerless to prevent such an outbreak of ruffianism as the city has never yet witnessed. Pillage, robbery, and murder would take possession of the streets, and the light of burning houses would shed a terrible illumination over the city. No honest man would dare venture abroad after night-fall, and there would be little security at home. Every dwelling-house and business establishment would have to be converted into a fortress.

The prompt action of the gas company averted the threatened calamity. New workmen were at once engaged to take the place of the dissatisfied strikers, and beyond a slight insufficiency in the supply of gas for a couple of nights, owing to the inexperience of the new men, no inconvenience ensued, and the only sufferers by the strike are the workmen who have thrown themselves out of employment. Whatever sympathy they might have received from the public in their contest with the company has been forfeited by the acts of brutal violence of which they have been guilty. They were not only determined not to work themselves, except on their own terms, but to keep others from working. A poor German, PETER FUESS, homeless and destitute, yet willing to work, was going to the gas-house to seek employment, when he was met by a number of strikers. They asked him where he was going. He innocently told them. At once they set upon him, knocked him down, kicked and beat him, and one ruffian stabbed him twice, while he lay insensible, with such dangerous wounds as to leave little hope of his recovery. At the approach of the police the assassins fled, and the poor German lies at the hospital, maimed, helpless, destitute of home or friends, and perhaps dying. This shocking outrage is a plain proof of the ignorance and the barbarity of the strikers. No one with any intelligence or any humanity, or who is raised in any degree above the brute, would lend aid to such a cause, or would join in inflicting deadly wounds upon a poor laborer because he was going to get work to keep him from starving. No American, we believe, was engaged in the outrage. Its perpetrators belonged to the most ignorant class of our foreign population; of men who have suffered most from the tyranny of superstition and despotism in foreign lands, and who are sent to our shores steeped in the grossest ignorance and inhumanity.

The right to labor is sacred. The right of every man to seek work where he chooses, and to purchase food and shelter by honest industry, is the foundation of equality and freedom; and whoever by force or threats endeavors to prevent his fellow-laborer from obtaining a subsistence is wholly unfit to live in a free country. He is a tyrant by nature, and, as in the instance we have related, must soon sink into an assassin. Happily not many of our working-men are liable to fall into such excesses; they are usually educated and intelligent; they are sensible of the advantages of freedom, and are not desirous of interfering with the equal rights of others. Anxious they may be to advance their own interests and obtain as high a price as possible for their labor; they may even join in combinations, and perhaps be incautiously led into a strike; but they have learned at the public schools, and in the enjoyment of republican institutions, the duty of every man to obey the laws, and to labor for the common good. Ours is the land of the working-men, and they, more than any others, are interested in maintaining a government which alone of all the world offers them universal freedom.

With the difference between the strikers and their employers we have no desire to interfere. We should rejoice to see every laborer well paid, and to aid in promoting the comfort, intelligence, and progressive prosperity of the industrious. We think that the more arduous employments, such as those of the laborers in gas-works, foundries, and similar occupations, merit unusual wages. But we must remind every working-man who is inclined to complain of his earnings or his condition that in no country are employers so liberal or so just as in ours. The American working-man receives nearly three times the wages paid in England or in France. He lives, or may live, with discretion, upon his earnings in a manner that to the European working-man would seem wasteful. He may save money, buy land in the West or a city homestead, and grow rich. If educated and prudent, he soon becomes a capitalist. The American mechanic usually obtains an income above that of many professional men, and skilled labor with us is the most productive kind of property.

With the more intelligent portion of the working class, even in England, strikes are growing unpopular. They are found to be attended with painful acts of cruelty, like that we have noticed. They lead the unemployed workmen into habits of idleness and dissipation; they have destroyed the hopes and the rising prospects of many a young mechanic; if long protracted they spread want and sorrow among hundreds of families who might have lived in comfort, and take the bread from the mouths of thousands of famishing children; and hence strikes grow rarer as workmen become better educated. A system of arbitration has been introduced to decide all disputes between the employers and the employed. Brutal ignorance is no longer allowed, for its own bad aims, to starve the feeble and thrive at the cost of suffering women and children; it has been found that the interests of the workman and his employer are the same; that their best policy is mutual help. To the thriving and well-paid laborers of our own country we would urge that


THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE (AS USUAL)
HARRY AND MARY THINK IT SPLENDID
"YE SHEE M'LOVE, I COUL'N'T FIN' M'WAY HOME SHOONER 'NCOUNT OF ER GASH!"
EFFECT OF THE GASMEN'S STRIKE ON THE EYE OF A FOREIGNER.
"WE DIDN'T HAVE THIS TROUBLE IN THE GOOD OLD TIME"
"SHALL I ESCORT YOU HOME SIR?"
A DRY METER.
A WATER METER.
IN THE DARKNESS, MR. B. VERY NATURALLY MISTOOK THEIR PRETTY CHAMBERMAID FOR MRS. B.
"THE DIVIL FLY AWAY WITH SOCH A BURNER I'VE WASTED A WHOLE BOX OF MATCHES ON IT."
"WHY DENNIS, WHAT A BAD EYE YOU HAVE!"
"YIS SOR, I RUN AGIN A LAMPOS' IN THE DARK LAS' NIGHT SOR."
THIS IS THE WAY WE ATTENDED EVENING PARTIES DURING THE STRIKE
OBLIGE ME WITH A LIGHT. MINE HAS GONE OUT
GAS
"NOW MOI FRIND, TAKE MOI ADVICE AND DON'T ATTIMPT T INTERFERE WID THE NOBLE PISENTRY IV OULD OIRLAND."
SO MANY CUBIC FEET
Abbey

RESULT OF THE GAS-MEN'S STRIKE.—[DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY, FROM A SKETCH BY M. WOOLF.]

they shrink from the example of foreign ignorance and brutality; that they look upon every man as the worst enemy of labor and of freedom who strives to lead on the ignorant or the unreflecting to deeds of brutality and crime; that they prove to the world that the American working-man, educated, intelligent, prosperous, will permit no acts of savage violence, nor any course of policy dangerous to free institutions; that he can not be deceived by foreign intrigue to do discredit to freedom, nor join in the shameful deeds of foreign ignorance and vice; that he respects the rights of labor and the rights of man, even in the person of a poor and starving German like Peter Fuess.

WIND-FLOWER.

I thought to find my darling waiting in the wood.
Did any body see her to-day or yesterday?
She wears a snowy gown,
And a dainty cloak of down;
It's a timid air she has, and a modest little way.

It's no use to ask the Wind, for he's jealous of my dear;
He wants her for himself, and he wooes her all the time;
But woo her all he dare,
My darling doesn't care,
She shakes her little head to his reason and his rhyme.

I thought to find her hidden in the brown and rustling leaves;
The days are long, the days are warm: where can my treasure stay?
Ah, here you are, my sweet!
Here, smiling at my feet,
Spite of all your timid air and your modest little way.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 26, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive the Twelfth Part of

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THE EMIGRANT STEAMER.

The wreck that has just taken place under the eyes of the nation on the well-known coast, whose minute particulars have been carried to the borders of the Rocky Mountains and the shore of the Pacific, with whose dreadful and unequaled terrors every one has been made familiar, must at once demand the scrutiny of the people. For the ocean is the highway upon which millions travel. The vast and swiftly growing fleet of steamers that, driving off the slower sailing vessels, has covered the sea with easy lines of communication, is designed to increase the comfort and swell the conveniences of the people on either side of the Atlantic; it brings the host of immigrants from the Old World; it carries back the productions of the New; it joins Europe to America; but if by gross neglect and almost inexplicable blindness the steamer is liable to be hurled against a well-known coast, and five hundred corpses of once hopeful immigrants are cast, bruised and disfigured, on the land where they hoped to find another kind of rest; if no women and but one child escape the fearful butchery; if the survivors, numbed, frost-bitten, bereaved, stupefied with calamity forever, are seen wandering among us, and nothing is done to prevent the recurrence of the awful scene, the tide of immigration will speedily be checked, and the sources of our national prosperity will cease to yield their natural increase. The ocean highway should be as rigorously guarded as if it were our own, and every vessel that traverses it should be placed under constant inspection.

The *Atlantic* seems to have escaped all examination and even common observation. She set sail with a crew disorderly and infamous. Her coal, according to the captain's statement, was insufficient, and, it is extremely probable, was of a bad quality. It has been the dangerous habit of the English steam-ship managers of late to furnish their vessels with cheap and inferior fuel, that yields often but half the usual amount of heat and half the usual speed. This may have been of no slight effect in expediting the fate of the doomed *Atlantic*. Her lower cabins, too, seem to have been overcrowded with emigrants. How eight or nine hundred passengers could have been accommodated with proper berths, with decent privacy, air, light, sufficient food, and the necessary safeguards of health and morals in the narrow hold of a single ship, can scarcely be imagined; and the startling revelations that have been made of the overcrowding of emigrant steamers may indicate that the hapless *Atlantic* was one of these dens of physical and moral degradation. But when she struck, in the dark night, and turned over on her side in the icy surf, the evils of this system of overcrowding became terribly evident. The immense throng pressed upon each other, and were suffocated in their efforts to reach the deck. The horrors of the slave-ship were surpassed in the cabins of the splendid steamer. No women and children, or but one or two, attained the deck in that fearful press. The weak were thrust aside by the strong, the feeble were forgotten. The immense crowd surged up the narrow gangway, leaving its dead behind, or precipitated itself through the ports into the sea. With a smaller complement of passengers, who can believe that these horrors might not have been avoided—that one woman, that more than one child, might not have been spared from the too partial destroyer? Of the captain and the crew of the ship we shall say little: they seem to have been in keeping with the cheap coal and the fatal overcrowding. The managers of the line probably saved money in both; but we believe that the results of the examination and of the disaster will be such as to teach the agents of steamers that the people are beginning to look after their own safety, and are no longer to be tempted into the jaws of death.

The emigrant steamer, to attract the public in future, should be just what the *Atlantic* was not. It should provide for safety rather than speed; it should be commodious and convenient; it should never be overcrowded. Its provisions, fuel, medical attendance, comforts, and appliances should all be upon a generous scale. Cleanliness and decency might well be enforced upon the emigrants and the crew. The captain should be of undoubted capacity, the officers and men selected for sobriety, good morals, and honest repute. It remains, probably, for our American ship-builders and merchants to produce a line of emigrant steamers that will satisfy all these requirements. It is the duty of our people to provide a safe passage for their host of ever-welcome guests. And we are confident that in a line justly managed there would never occur another disaster like that which has strewn the coast of Nova Scotia with emigrant dead, in which the overcrowded ship became the scene of an unheard of barbarity, when women and children were driven to the wall, and of the fierce and frightened crowd that forced its murderous passage up the gangway, the strong cared only for themselves, the feeble were cast aside. Had the *Atlantic* been but half as thickly thronged with passengers, a large part of the women and children—perhaps all of them—might have been saved.

THE ERIE RAILWAY.

When Sheridan complained that he never had any money in his life he could call his own, Byron suggested that then he must have had a great deal of somebody else's. The condition of the Erie Railway managers might recall the retort. Always in debt and always bankrupt, never paying its creditors or contractors, not even its clerks or its workmen with promptness and regularity, yielding no dividends, threatened with foreclosure, sale, and confiscation, this singular corporation has yet never wanted money to enrich its thievish presidents and its avaricious directors. It lavished enormous sums on Fisk; it has made the fortune of Gould; it bribed Tweed, Sweeny, and the chiefs of the Democracy. It has squandered upon notorious lawyers sums that would have gladdened the hearts of a throng of its innocent stockholders; it has paid the expenses of Democratic conventions; it has given free passes to the followers of Tweed and the friends of Tilden. The "skilled talent" of Albany has partaken of its liberality, and the perennial stream of its overflowing resources has never yet been exhausted in hiring directors and in removing them; in paying usurers enormous interest, and in avoiding by legal expedients the payment of the principal; in suits and compromises, injunctions and orders; in spreading opulence through the bench, the bar, the Legislature; in creating a rise in gold or a panic in stocks; nor, from the accounts recently submitted to the public, would it appear that the Erie Railway has ever known any want of money, nor has it ever proved bankrupt to the harpies who have preyed upon it from the beginning.

To its unhappy stockholders alone has it shown the reverse of the picture. From them has come the unfailing stream of opulence which has made so many fortunes. Their property has been squandered, rifled, confiscated. They have been plundered and ruined. Yet no class of persons deserve more the good-will of the community. They have built a railway that has added immensely to the prosperity of the city and State of New York and of the great West. The Erie road has proved an avenue of commerce, over which has passed the products of every section of the country to the seaboard, and which has carried back the rich freights of foreign importation. Its value to the whole country is inestimable. Nor would it seem that there is any reason why it should not pay a large return to those who gave their money to build it. Its income has reached $18,000,000, and is, or should be, steadily increasing. There seems no limit to the revenues it may expect under honest management. The Erie Railway at somebody's cost has been built at the rate of over $100,000 a mile; its capital has been swelled to $84,000,000, or its debts and liabilities, to enrich its dishonest officials and defraud its stockholders; yet even on this extravagant expenditure it might be made profitable. But the management of the Erie road has a higher importance than even the question of profit or loss would imply. It is one of the chief highways of the people. It is a high-road between the East and West. Over its line must pass a large proportion of the stream of immigration—of a ceaseless throng of travelers going westward. It brings to the sea-board food, coal, and the necessaries of life in almost limitless profusion. It is the friend of the laboring-man; it feeds his family with the corn of the far West, and softens the privations of the poor in Europe and America. Hence every dollar stolen from its capital has been taken from the people, and has been drained from humble cottages in England or crowded tenement-houses in New York. Every dollar added to its cost has been paid for in the increased price of food and in the pains of the starving. The legend of Bishop Hatto might well be re-enacted here, and a swarm of rats devour the wealthy robbers who have their castles among us.

But we trust the Erie Railway may at last be taken out of the hands of dishonest speculators, and be made the source of ease and plenty to the people. To consolidate all its debts, discover all its liabilities, place its stock at no more than its true value, will require the aid of strict and rare integrity. If its management can not attain to such business exactness, the people may be forced to take the control of the railway to themselves. It can not be permitted that one of the chief avenues of the trade of New York—a public highway—should any longer be practically impeded by the gross neglect of its managers; and we trust its new officials will at once begin to consolidate their debt, reduce their expenses, pay their stockholders, and show that they have common-sense and common honesty.

It has been suggested in England that all railroads should be managed and owned by the nation, and should be run at the lowest rates that will cover the expenses. We believe, indeed, that there is a provision in all the English railway charters that they may after a term of years fall into the hands of the government. The principle lying at the foundation of the system is that it is designed to form a cheap and easy means of communication for the people. The modern high-road is the railway. It is the only means of union and swift intercourse among nations. Yet under the control of private owners, both in England and America, the history of railroads has been a disastrous one to the stockholders and the public. They have become bankrupt like the Erie, their money has been wasted in bribing members of Parliament and members of Congress—in the riotous license of a Fisk or the feudal extravagance of a Hudson. It may well finally become the duty of every government to take the supervision of all railroads in its own hands, and provide that they shall be at last practically free.

BISMARCK AND THE PAPACY.

In a recent speech in the Prussian Upper House the German statesman has defined with the utmost precision his views of the dangerous nature of the papal policy, and of the defensive tendency of his own. On his return from Versailles, he relates, when Germany had just experienced a wonderful deliverance from invasion, waste, and discord by the united resolution of its people, he discovered with surprise that his Catholic ministers had been engaged in forming a new party in the councils of their country, and were preparing to divide the states so recently blended together. They had elected their own deputies in various districts, had made use of the opportunity afforded them by the liberality of the government to create a political party favorable to the extreme designs of the papacy. The Catholic leaders were intriguing for political supremacy not as Germans, but as the agents of an Italian priest. When Bismarck had overthrown the hostile purposes of France he found himself confronted at home by a more subtle but not less dangerous foe; while the German armies had been fighting for freedom and union on the banks of the Seine, the papal power had been extending its influence over the schools and colleges, the elections and the people, of the united land. A compact organization had been formed in the interest of the papacy, led by the Archbishop of Mentz, and the rule of a foreign hierarchy threatened once more the unity of Germany.

It was the old quarrel, we are told by the clear-sighted Prussian, which had always raged between Germany and the popes. It was not a religious question, it was not the evangelical arrayed against the Catholic, the Protestant against the papist, but it was a plain struggle for political supremacy. There could never be a united Germany while one portion of its people were ruled by the Pope, another by the Emperor. The contest was purely a political one. The papacy had always been a political power, and the German government was now forced to employ defensive measures to save itself from the plots of a papal faction, which had assailed it when all its armies were fighting for liberty beneath the walls of Paris, and with more than its usual treachery was possibly laboring to divide Germany in order to save France. Scarcely a year had passed since Germany was in the very jaws of a fate such as that which had overwhelmed the last of the Hohenstaufens. Had France conquered in that war, which had been declared at the same moment with the promulgation of the decrees of the Vatican Council, the Pope might have advanced pretensions that would have rivaled those of his predecessors. It was in the midst of that war that the Archbishop of Mentz had chosen to demand new privileges for his Church, yet the Catholic section of the Ministry of Public Worship had already been used to extend the power of Rome at the expense of the rights of the King. There can not, Bismarck declares, be two powers ruling within the state without discord and danger, and the Government would have neglected its duty had it seen with indifference the astonishing progress of the anti-national principle.

On his return from Versailles, therefore, the Prussian statesman took his firm stand against papal aggressions. He disarmed the Catholic section of the ministry of its power to do evil. He limited the right of excommunication. He checked the intrigues of the Jesuits in Silesia and Prussian Poland. He suppressed the order throughout the empire, together with the various affiliated societies under which the Jesuits had striven to hide their unpopular name. Redemptorists and Lazarists, Christian Brothers and Brothers of the Precious Blood, the male and female disciples of Loyola, have all fallen together. The Jesuits have raised a doleful cry of persecution; yet so often have they been expelled from every European country, and even from Rome itself, for similar political intrigues, that they might well submit in silence to a fate which they have brought upon themselves. The Catholic bishops have been taught that they must obey the laws of the state. They are still contumacious and revengeful; and Bismarck has completed his series of defensive measures by proposing a bill in the Prussian Parliament by which the control of religious education will be restored to the national government. It passed the Lower House by an extraordinary majority; the recent powerful speech of the minister has forced it, against a strong opposition, through the Upper; and the church in future must submit to the careful supervision of the state. To an American, accustomed only to the voluntary system of church government—a system, no doubt, far better than the European—it might seem that the affairs of each denomination could best be controlled by its own members. In every European country the opposite method prevails. The clergy are controlled and paid by the government in Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy. The power of the Pope over the Catholic bishops and priests is limited by the civil law, and hence Prince Bismarck has introduced no new principle in his effort to establish a more complete supervision of the state officials over the affairs of the religious sects. So long as they consent to receive their support from the government they may well be called upon to submit to such restrictions as are necessary for its safety.

Had the Vatican Council yielded to the remonstrances of the European sovereigns, and withheld the declarations of papal infallibility and of papal supremacy over kings and states, no religious complications would have arisen in any country, and the Roman Catholic community would have been preserved from that extraordinary agitation which now disturbs its repose. But the

Jesuits were resolved to fling down the gage of defiance to modern civilization. They forced their measures through the reluctant Council. The German and French bishops were outvoted by the Italian, the dependents of the Pope. And whatever ills may yet be in store for the Roman Catholic denomination, whatever restrictions are placed upon it by the civil governments, or whatever internal losses it may suffer from the rebellion of its members against the tyranny of the priests, will be due to the mischievous intrigues and overbearing ambition of the Jesuits.

THE MODOC MASSACRE.

THE treacherous murder of General CANBY and the Rev. Dr. THOMAS by the Modoc Indians during a conference to which the general and the Peace Commissioners had been invited by "Captain JACK" is one of the most tragical events in the history of Indian wars. Captain JACK, secure in the natural fastness of the lava beds, had persistently rejected all peaceful overtures, and the Commissioners had come to the conclusion that the negotiations were a failure. On the 10th of April several Indians strolled into General CANBY's camp, and were generously treated, receiving presents of clothing and provisions. When they left the Commissioners sent a message to Captain JACK, asking for a talk the next morning at a point about half a mile outside the picket line.

The next morning an Indian named "BOSTON CHARLEY" came into the camp, and told the Commission that Captain JACK and five other Indians would meet the Commission outside the lines. BOSTON CHARLEY and BOGUS CHARLEY, who had been in the camp all night, then mounted a horse and started for the lava bed. About an hour after their departure General CANBY, Mr. DYER, Dr. THOMAS, and Mr. A. B. MEACHAM, with FRANK RIDDLE and his squaw for interpreters, started for the place appointed. The party arrived at the appointed place, and were closely watched by the signal officer, Lieutenant ADAMS, from the signal-station on a hill overlooking the camp. About half an hour after the party had arrived a cry from the signal-station was heard, saying that the Indians had attacked the Peace Commission, and that another band of Indians had attacked Colonel MASON's camp, on the east side of Tule Lake.

The troops immediately hastened to the scene of the conference, under command of Colonel GREEN. On the way Mr. DYER was met, who thought he was the only member of the party who had escaped; but soon afterward the interpreter RIDDLE and his squaw reached the lines. He gives the following account of the massacre:

Mr. MEACHAM made a short speech to the Indians, followed by General CANBY, and then Dr. THOMAS. Then Captain JACK made a speech, asking for Hot Creek and Cottonwood, the places now occupied by FAIRCHILD and DORRIS, for a reservation. Mr. MEACHAM told JACK that it was not possible to give him what he asked. SCHONCHIN told Mr. MEACHAM to say no more; that he (MEACHAM) had said enough upon that subject; and while SCHONCHIN was speaking Captain JACK got up and walked behind the others, turned back, and exclaimed, "All ready." He then drew his pistol and snapped a cap at General CANBY. He cocked his pistol again and fired. General CANBY fell dead, shot under the eye. SCHONCHIN then shot Mr. MEACHAM in the shoulder and head, but though severely wounded he was at last accounts still alive. BOSTON CHARLEY and another Indian shot and killed Dr. THOMAS. HOOKER JIM chased Mr. DYER for some distance, but DYER turned upon him with pistol in hand, and JIM ran.

The bodies of General CANBY and Dr. THOMAS were found nearly stripped of clothing. Pausing only an instant to cast a glance at the inanimate form of their beloved commander, the troops dashed on, and the two leading batteries were within a mile of the stronghold of the murderers when the bugle sounded a "halt." Lieutenant EGAN and Major WRIGHT's companies of Twelfth infantry were behind the artillery, and then came up the cavalry. General GILLEM and Colonel GREEN and staff were up with the men, but as soon as they found that the Indians had all got back to their stronghold the troops were ordered to fall back, and active operations were for the time deferred. It was supposed when the courier left the camp that an attack would be made on the Indians in the lava beds within twenty-four hours.

The attack on Colonel MASON's camp, which fortunately failed of success, occurring at the same time of the massacre, shows the treachery of Captain JACK to have been deliberately planned. His object was doubtless to capture or kill the commanding officers of both posts as well as the Peace Commissioners.

On receiving intelligence of this terrible massacre, General SHERMAN at once gave orders by telegraph to General SCHOFIELD, commanding the Division of the Pacific, to advance all available troops against the Modoc Indians, administer the severest punishment, and take no prisoners. General SHERMAN has also issued the following order, announcing the death of General CANBY:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, *April* 14, 1873.

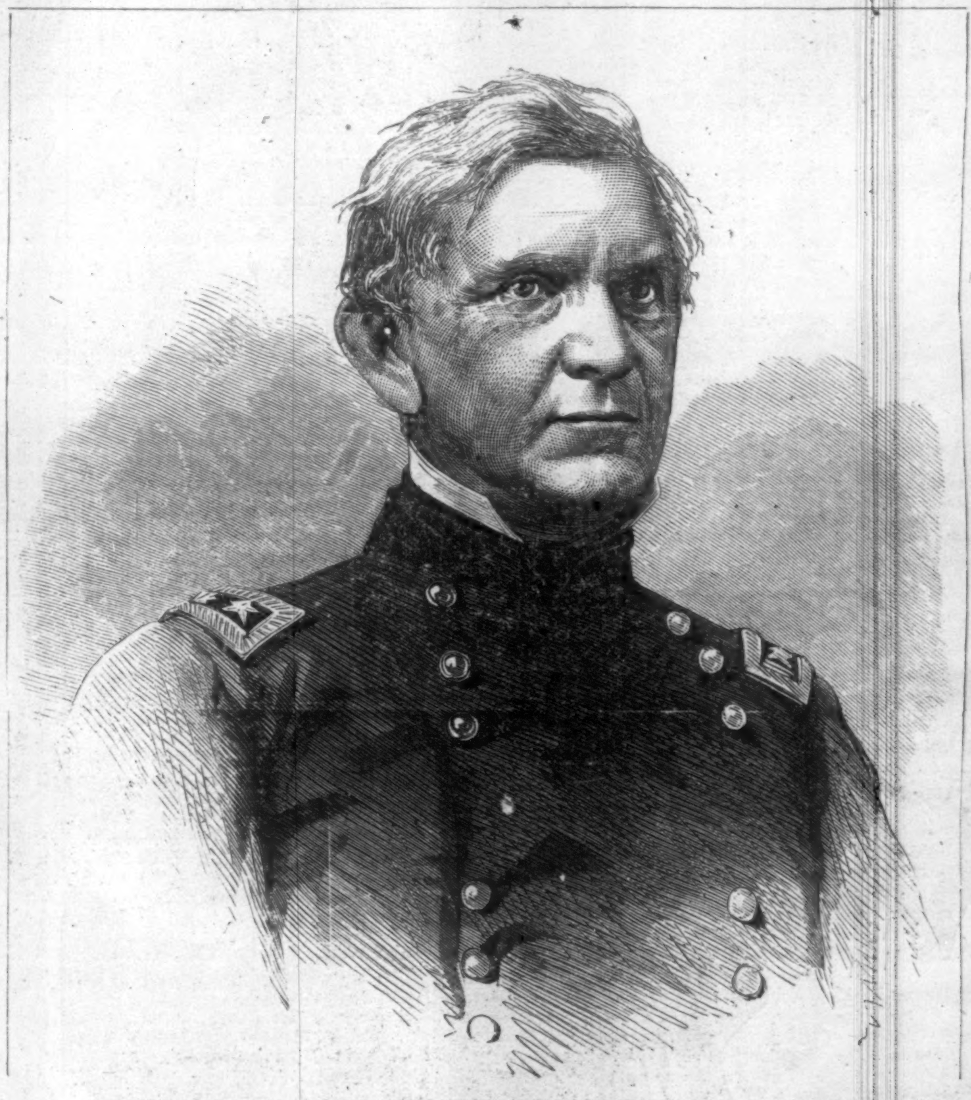
"GENERAL ORDER No. 3.—It again becomes the sad duty of the general to announce to the army the death of one of our most illustrious and most honored comrades. Brigadier-General Edward R. S. CANBY, commanding the Department of the Columbia, was on Friday last, April 11, shot dead by the chief, JACK, while he was endeavoring to mediate for the removal of the Modocs from their present rocky fastness on the northern border of California to a reservation where the tribe could be maintained and protected by the civil agents of the government.

"That such a life should have been sacrificed in such a cause will ever be a source of regret to his relations and friends. Yet the general trusts that all good soldiers will be consoled in knowing that CANBY lost his life on duty, and in the execution of his office; for he had been especially chosen and appointed for this delicate and dangerous trust by reason of his well-known patience and forbearance, his entire self-abnegation and fidelity to the expressed wishes of his government, and his large experience in dealing with the savage Indians of America. He had already completed the necessary military preparations to enforce obedience to the conclusions of the Peace Commissioners, after which he seems to have accompanied them to a last conference with the savage chiefs, in supposed friendly council, and there met his death by treachery outside of his military lines, but within view of the signal-station. At the same time one of the Peace Commissioners was killed outright and another mortally wounded, and a third escaped unhurt. Thus perished one of the kindest and best gentlemen of this or any other country, whose social equaled his military virtues. To even sketch his army history would pass the limits of a general order, and I must here suffice to state that General CANBY began his military career as a cadet at West Point in the summer of 1835, graduating in 1839, since which time he has continually served, thirty-eight years, passing through all the grades to major-general of volunteers and brigadier-general of the regular army. He served his early life with marked distinction in the Florida and Mexican wars, and the outbreak of the civil war found him on duty in New Mexico, where, after the defection of his seniors, he remained in command, and defended the country successfully against a formidable inroad from the direction of Texas; afterward, transferred to the East to a more active and important sphere, he exercised various high commands, and at the close of the civil war was in chief command of the Military Division of the West Mississippi, in which he had received a painful wound, but had the honor to capture Mobile, and compel the surrender of the rebel forces of the Southwest.

"Since the close of the war he has repeatedly been chosen for special command, by reason of his superior knowledge of law and civil government, his known fidelity to the wishes of the Executive, and his chivalrous devotion to his profession, in all of which his success was perfect. When fatigued by a long and laborious career in 1869, he voluntarily consented to take command of the Department of the Columbia, where he expected to enjoy the repose he so much coveted. This Modoc difficulty arising last winter, and it being extremely desirous to end it by peaceful means, it seemed almost providential that it should have occurred within the sphere of General CANBY's command. He responded to the call of his government with alacrity, and has labored with a patience that deserved better success; but alas! the end is different from that which he and his best friends had hoped for, and he now lies a corpse in the wild mountains of California, while the lightning flashes his requiem to the furthermost corners of the civilized world. Though dead, the record of his fame is resplendent with noble deeds well done, and no name on our army register stands fairer or higher for the personal qualities that command the universal respect, honor, affection, and love of his countrymen. General CANBY leaves to his country a heart-broken widow, but no children. Every honor consistent with law and usage shall be paid to his remains, full notice of which will be given as soon as his family can be consulted and arrangements concluded. By order of General SHERMAN.

"W. D. WHIPPLE, Adjutant-General."

General CANBY was placed in control of all negotiations with the Indians on the special request of the Secretary of the Interior. The members of the Commission were directed to report to him, and to send no dispatches or recommendations without first submitting them to him. He was also invested with authority by the Secretary of the Interior, through the General of the Army, to change the Commissioners in his discretion. He acted on this so far as to add one member to the Commission. General CANBY at once assumed control, and since the 10th of March the War Department and the military have had charge of the negotiations. The general sympathized entirely with the previous attempts to bring the Modocs under peaceable subjection by fair and honorable treatment, and it was in the effort to carry out this humane policy that he met his death. General CANBY was a Kentuckian by birth. He had nearly reached the age of fifty-four, had passed through two great wars with honor and distinction, to fall at last by the treacherous hand of a besotted Indian.



THE MODOC MASSACRE—THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY.

PERSONAL.

A GENTLEMAN who recently paid a visit to Chief Justice CHASE at his new country-seat, Edgewood, near Washington, says that, excepting a gray beard and mustache, he does not look any older than at the close of the war. His form is quite as erect, his step as firm. He talked to the men on the place, and petted the Newfoundland dog, that was beside itself with joy at his coming. In the library he pointed out objects of interest, and laid his hands lovingly on favorite books, as if they could respond to his touch. There was no trace of the Presidential fever that was once said to course so wildly through his brain. He was more than calm. He was tranquil—like one who had reached the topmost round of life, and whose path sloped henceforward gently to the tomb.

—The book business, like every thing else, prospers and flourishes in the great West. It is now a little more than a year since Messrs. JANSEN, M'CLURG, & Co., of Chicago, assumed entire control of the business of the well-known firm of S. C. GRIGGS & Co. They are all young men of experience, activity, enterprise, and business talent, and during the past year the popularity of their house has greatly increased, as well as the volume of their business in all its departments. Recently they have opened a fine establishment in their old quarters on "Booksellers' Row," whence they were driven by the great fire. It is said to be one of the most elegant and complete establishments of the kind in the country.

—Commodore VANDERBILT has tacked on to his half-million gift to the Central University of the Methodist Church one or two conditions that will not be personally unpleasant to the officials. First, that Bishop M'TYERIE accept the presidency of the institution for life, with a salary of $3000 and the use of a dwelling free of rent. Second, to check imprudent appropriations, the president is given a veto power over resolutions, which only a three-fourths vote of the board can override. The interest only of the fund shall be used in carrying on the university. At a meeting of the Board of Trust held at Nashville, Tennessee, on the 28th ult., it was resolved to apply to the Chancery Court to change the name of the institution to Vanderbilt University.

—Mr. F. W. ROBINSON's latest novel, *Little Kate Kirby*, which appeared in the columns of the *Weekly*, has achieved great popularity abroad as well as here. German and Italian translations of this fascinating story are already in progress.

—Prince MENSCHIKOFF has been sent by the Russian government to meet the Shah of Persia, and the government at St. Petersburg is making preparations to impress that monarch with a sense of the magnificence, power, and extent of Russia.

—At a meeting of the Royal Institution, at which Professor TYNDALL was present for the first time since his return from America, a resolution was unanimously adopted congratulating him upon his safe arrival in England, expressing satisfaction that the people of the United States had shared in the advantages of his teaching, and cordially welcoming him to his scientific home. He was also thanked for his gift to the institution of the splendid apparatus employed by him in his lectures in America, and congratulated on the liberal spirit and love of science which led him to appropriate the profits of his lectures in the United States to the establishment of a fund to assist the scientific studies of young Americans in Europe.

—Senator MORTON is said to have returned to Indianapolis, after the adjournment of the Senate, looking and feeling better than he has for many years, and his physicians are strongly in hopes that he will entirely regain his health.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Connecticut State election held on the 8th inst. resulted in the choice of the following officers: Governor, Charles R. Ingersoll; Lieutenant-Governor, George G. Sill; Secretary of State, Marvin E. Sanger; Treasurer, William F. Raymond; Controller, Alfred R. Goodrich—all Democrats. Of the four Congressmen elected three are Republicans, viz., Joseph R. Haw[illegible]y, Stephen W. Kellogg, and Henry H. Starkweather.

The New York city charter passed the State Senate on the 10th inst., and now goes back to the Assembly for concurrent action. It retains all the present heads of departments.

Brigham Young, the notorious leader of the Mormon hosts, has resigned all his positions of trust except that of Leader of the Church, with a view, it is said, of removing to Arizona, where a new settlement will speedily be established, out of reach of the United States government.

On the evening of the 8th inst. the foundation walls of the new Police and Fire Department building, on the river side of Front Street, in Rochester, New York, gave way, owing to a flood, and it is feared that ten or fifteen persons were carried down and drowned.

Eighty of the 2000 English farmers who are to settle in the Red River region of Minnesota reached New York on the 8th inst. in the *City of Bristol*.

The bill consolidating the towns of Kings County with Brooklyn passed the New York State Assembly on the 8th inst. Another, regulating the sale of liquors in cities, towns, and villages, passed the Assembly on the following day. The Civil Rights bill has been signed by the Governor.

Shepard's Block, in Middletown, Connecticut, fell on the 9th inst., burying fifteen persons in the ruins.

The new Board of Education for this city met on the 7th inst., and elected William H. Neilson its president. A communication was received from Congressman Roosevelt, of this city, placing $4500—his increased pay—at the disposal of the board, to be expended in the purchase of prizes for meritorious pupils.

The Common Council of this city has appropriated $5000 for a memorial to be erected to the late General Meade on the field of Gettysburg.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE city of San Salvador, Central America, is reported to have been completely destroyed by an earthquake on the 4th of March. Eight hundred persons are said to have perished, and over $1,200,000 worth of property was destroyed.

The English Parliament adjourned on the 7th inst. for two weeks. On the same day the budget for 1874 was presented in the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The duty on sugar in England will be reduced fifty per cent. in May.

The people and the sheep of the islands on the Irish coast, off Galway, are dying of starvation.

A bill has passed the French Assembly reimbursing the city of Paris its war contribution of 28,000,000 francs.

France, on the 5th inst., paid another 50,000,000 francs of the war indemnity.

The Vienna exhibitors are to be divided into character groups, each with a president and two vice-presidents.

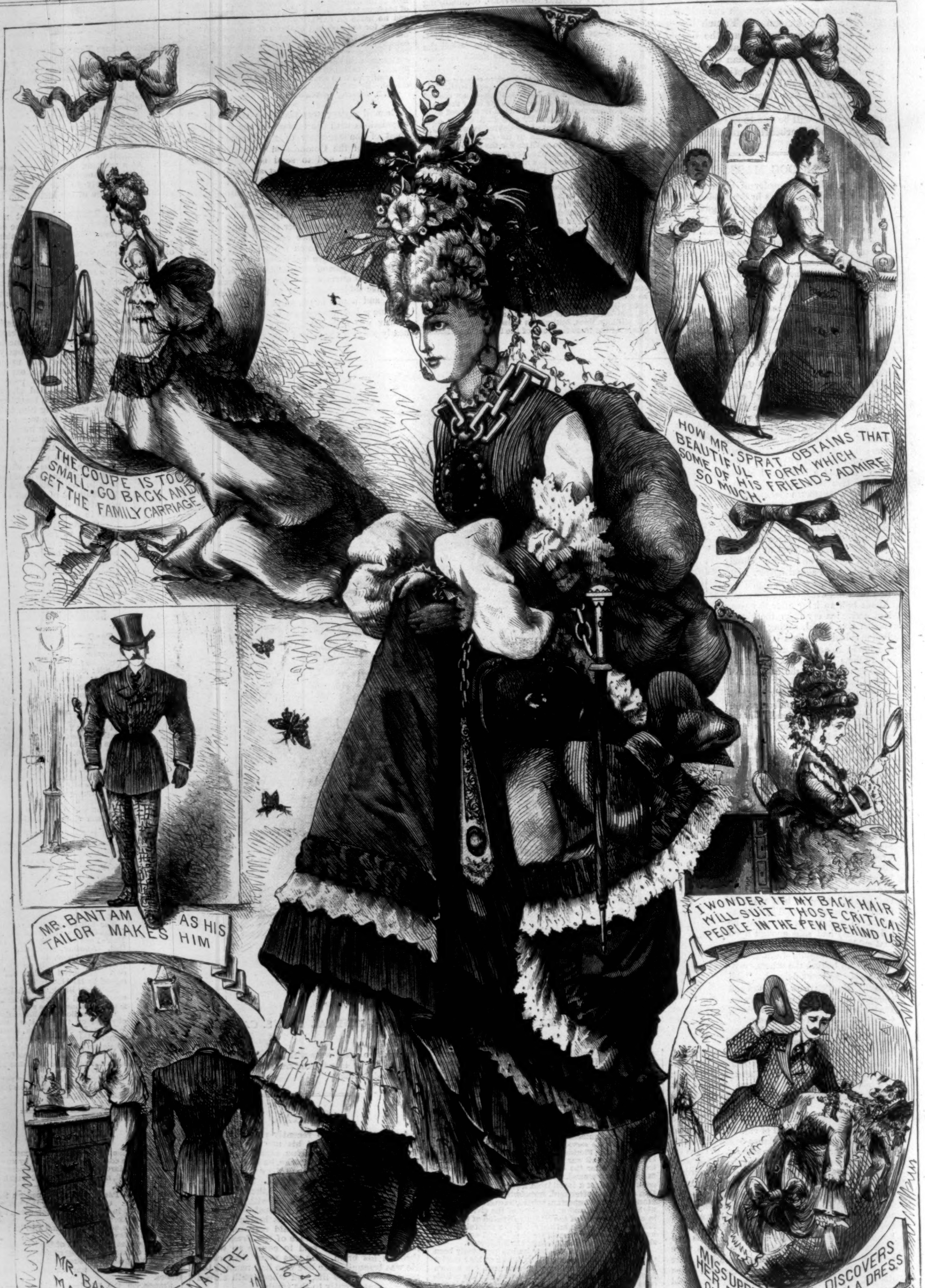
The Municipal Council of Lyons has resigned.

The Spanish Minister of War has been authorized to purchase 50,000 rifles.

The people of Salamanca, in Spain, have expelled the Jesuits.

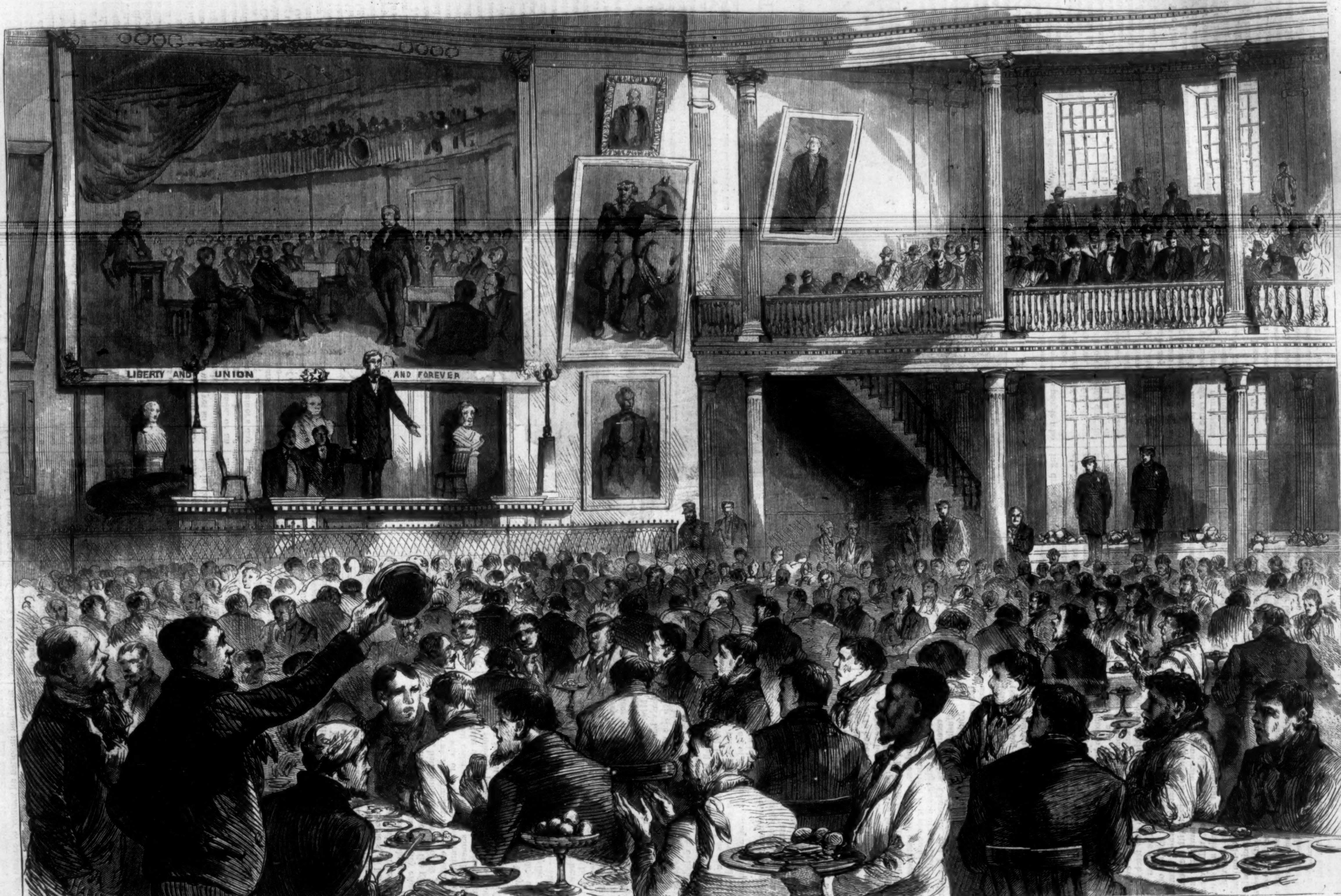
A manufactory in Rome was struck by lightning on the 11th inst., and forty persons were buried in the ruins.

Panama has had another revolution, and a President was imprisoned.


THE COUPE IS TOO SMALL, GO BACK AND GET THE FAMILY CARRIAGE
HOW MR. SPRAT OBTAINS THAT BEAUTIFUL FORM WHICH SOME OF HIS FRIENDS ADMIRE SO MUCH.
MR. BANTAM AS HIS TAILOR MAKES HIM
I WONDER IF MY BACK HAIR WILL SUIT THOSE CRITICAL PEOPLE IN THE PEW BEHIND US
MR. BANTAM AS NATURE MADE HIM.
MISS UPPERCRUST DISCOVERS HER DRESSMAKER WITH A DRESS ON LIKE HER OWN
Tho. Worth

EASTER-SUNDAY.

CRACKING OF THE EASTER-EGG, AND BUDDING FORTH OF THE SPRING FASHIONS.


LIBERTY AND UNION
AND FOREVER

THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC"—BREAKFAST TO SURVIVORS IN FANEUIL HALL.—Drawn by J. J. Harley.—[See Page 342.]

THE WRECKED "ATLANTIC."

FULLER details of the wreck of the steam-ship *Atlantic* serve only to verify the account of that terrible disaster published in the preceding number of the *Weekly*. The official investigation instituted at Halifax brings out no extenuating circumstances to modify our strictures on the conduct of the owners of the ill-fated vessel and the management, or rather mismanagement, of the captain. The severest censure on both is, on the contrary, more than justified by the facts brought out in the examination of Captain WILLIAMS, his surviving officers, and the passengers. As we said last week, the owners were guilty of the fearful crime against humanity of sending the ship to sea insufficiently provisioned and coaled; the captain, of gross carelessness and negligence in approaching a dangerous coast at night, and of leaving the wreck while his first mate and a number of passengers were still clinging to the rigging. The reports of the brutal conduct of the crew are also fully confirmed. Our illustration on page 344 shows the terrible character of the coast on which the ship was run; that on the opposite page, entitled "Cast up by the Sea," gives one of the many painful incidents of the days following the breaking up of the wreck.

On Saturday morning, April 5, 300 of the survivors, who had been provided with transportation by the agents of the White Star line, arrived at Boston, and were entertained in Faneuil Hall, where a good breakfast was in waiting for them. This was also furnished by agents of the line, while benevolent citizens contributed many delicacies and luxuries, and furnished supplies of money and clothing to the more destitute among the sufferers. The scene in the hall is shown in our illustration on page 341.

Just before leaving the hall the crowd gave three times three cheers for Boston, under the lead of the noble fellows, KELLY and HAYS, who have been accepted by mutual consent as the chiefs of the band. These two men have the stuff of heroes in them. HAYS, after he had succeeded in reaching the rock on which the vessel was wrecked, stationed himself there, and assisted one after another to climb upon it of those who came by the line from the boat, and were too exhausted to help themselves, until his hands stiffened with the cold, and his fingers were fixed in a crooked position. Then, using these fingers as one would use a hook, he hauled out several more, and then, losing all feeling and power in his hands or fingers, pulled out half a dozen half-dead men with his teeth. KELLY was quite as brave, though he did not succeed in rescuing so many as HAYS. He it was who saved the life of the boy about whom so much has been said, and who showed so much forgetfulness of self in his desire to rescue others that he nearly sacrificed his own life more than once.

On their arrival in this city the survivors were received at Castle Garden, furnished with such things as their necessities required, and with transportation to their several destinations.

A number of experienced wreckers from this city are now engaged in exploring the submerged vessel, and taking out the bodies of the lost.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the Second.

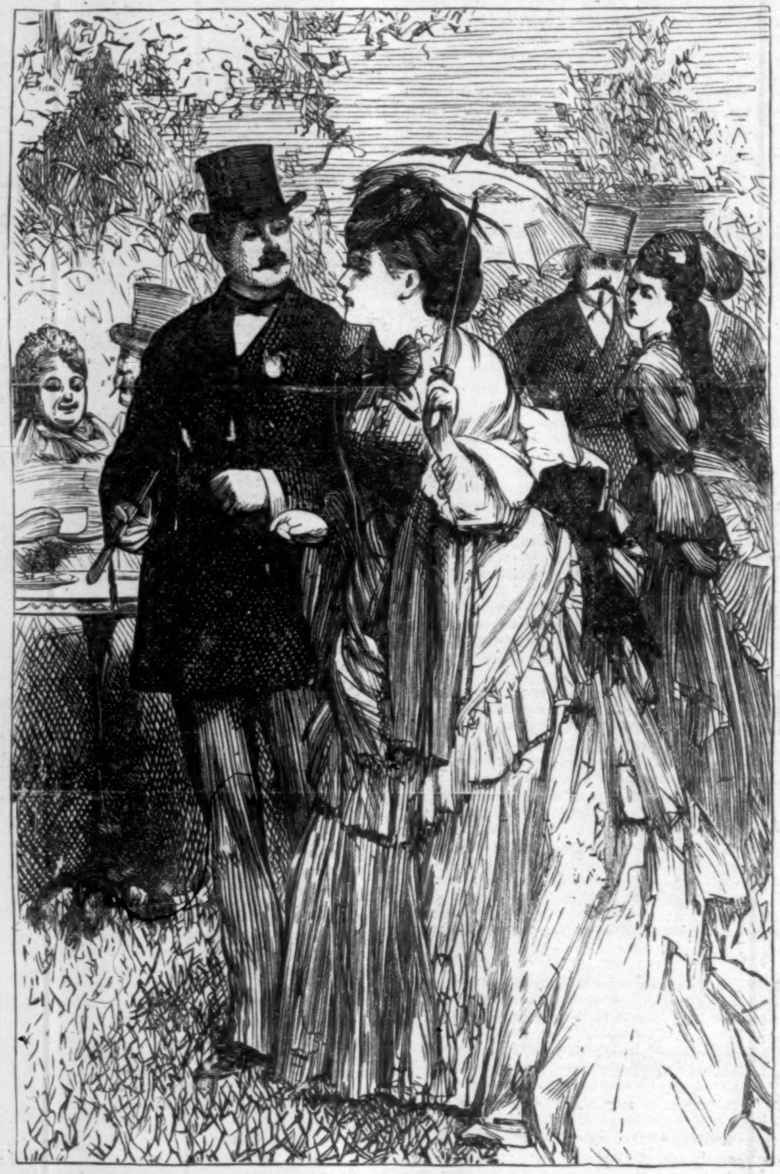
CHAPTER II.

> "Applause
> Waits on success; the fickle multitude,
> Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
> Glide with the current still, and follow fortune."

FULHAM is a neighborhood of infinite capabilities. It is almost impossible to know the ultimate boundaries of a region to which nature seems to have hardly yet assigned any limit: from squalid streets of six-roomed houses to splendid places surrounded by park-like grounds; from cemeteries and market-gardens—bare expanses of asparagus or turnips, where the atmosphere is rank with decaying garden-stuffs—to arenas reserved for the competition of the fleet-footed and strong-armed of our modern youth, and to shady groves dedicated to the slaughter of the harmless pigeon; from newly built terraces, rising gaunt and bare in their skeleton brick-work, to ancient red-brick mansions hiding themselves coyly within high walls, and darkened by the shade of immemorial cedars. Fulham has stomach for them all. Queer little lanes still lead the explorer to unknown (or at least to him unknown) tracks of inland country; and on that wild shore between the bridges of Putney and Hammersmith there are far-spreading gardens and green lawns which a worldly minded person might long for as the paradise of his departed soul.

The Rancho was one of these places by the river; a house and grounds which, after belonging to a titled owner, had sunk to gradual decay under undistinguished and incapable tenants, and, at last, coming into the market for a larger price than speculators were inclined to give, had, after hanging on hand for a long time, been finally bought a dead bargain by Mr. Cinqmars.

This gentleman, being amply provided with funds—whether his own or other people's was, of course, a minor question—and being, moreover, blessed with a wife who had a taste, set to work to remodel the house, which was old and not capacious, and altogether in that condition in which it is cheaper to pull down than to rebuild. Mr. Cinqmars, however, left the lower reception-rooms, which were fine, almost untouched, only widening the windows in the drawing-room to the whole width of the room, and putting a glass roof to the billiard-room, which could be replaced by an awning in warm weather, or thrown open to the sky on star-lit summer nights. On each side of these central rooms he built a commodious wing in rustic wood-work, after the model of a Mexican farm-house in which he had once spent a week during his travels. All round the house he put a wooden veranda, ten feet wide, and paved with cool blue and cream-colored tiles; and having done this, he furnished all the rooms in the purest rustic fashion, with light woods, Indian matting, pastoral chintzes scattered with violets and primroses; no draperies to the windows, which were amply shaded by Venetian blinds within and Spanish hoods without; very few carpets, but light oak floors polished to distraction, and Indian matting in the passages. It was a house that was built apparently for eternal summer, but was yet so contrived as to be extremely comfortable when March winds were howling round the veranda, or an April snow-storm drifting against the glass roof of the billiard-room. On a real summer's day it was distractingly delightful; and to return from its light and airy chambers to the dingy square rooms of a London house—a mere packing-case set upon end in a row of other packing-cases—was not conducive to the preservation of a contented mind.



IN THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS.

But Mr. and Mrs. Cinqmars were people who could not have lived in a house that was not better than other people's. They were people who lived upon their surroundings; their surroundings were themselves, as it were. If any body asked who Mr. Cinqmars was, his friends and admirers plunged at once into a glowing description of the Rancho, or demanded with an air of amazement how it came to pass you had not seen his horses in the Park—high-stepping bays, with brass-mounted harness. There was a place in Scotland, too, which Mr. Cinqmars spoke of vaguely, and which might be any thing from half a county down to half a dozen acres. He was in the habit of promising his acquaintance good shooting in that ilk; but in the hurry and pressure of modern life these promises rarely came to any thing. Every man's autumn is mortgaged before the spring is over; there is nothing safer than a liberal dealing out of general invitations in June or July.

Mrs. Cinqmars was at home every Tuesday throughout the London season, and to be at home with Mrs. Cinqmars meant a great deal. The grounds of the Rancho were simply perfect—ancient gardens, with broad lawns gently sloping to the water—lawns whose deep and tender herbage had been cultivated for ages; forest trees which shut out the world on every side except that noble curve of the river which made a shallow bay before the windows of the Rancho; cedars of Lebanon spreading their dusky branches wide above the shadowy sward. Mrs. Cinqmars did not to any great extent affect gaudy flower beds—parallelograms of scarlet geranium and calceolaria, silver-gray leafage, and potting-out plants of the pickling-cabbage order—or ribbon bordering. Are not these things common to all the world? Instead of these she had masses of rough stone-work and young forests of fern in the shady corners of her grounds, and a regiment of century-old orange-trees in great green tubs, ranged along a broad walk leading down to the river. Her grounds were shady realms of greenery, rather than showy parterres. She had her hot-houses and forcing-pits somewhere in the background, and all her rooms were adorned to profusion with the choicest flowers; but only in the rose season was there much display of color in the gardens of the Rancho. Then, indeed, Mrs. Cinqmars's lawn was as some fertile valley in Cashmere, and the very atmosphere which Mrs. Cinqmars inhaled heavy with the odors of all the noblest and choicest families among the rose tribe—arcades of roses, roses climbing skyward upon iron rods, temples that looked like gigantic bird-cages overrun with roses, roses every where—for a brief season of glory and delight, the season of fresh strawberry ices, and mature but not overgrown white-bait.

On these her days Mrs. Cinqmars kept open house from five o'clock upward. There was a great dinner later in the evening, but by no means a formal banquet, for the men who came in morning dress to lounge remained to dine; mature matrons, whose bonnets were as things immovable, were permitted to dine in that kind of head-gear. There was a general air of Bohemianism about the Rancho: billiards were played till the summer daylight; the sound of cabs and phaetons, dog-carts and single broughams, startled the slumbering echoes in the Fulham lanes between midnight and sunrise; the goddess of pleasure was worshiped in a thorough-going, unqualified manner, as intense as the devotion which inspired human sacrifices on the shrines of mooned Ashtaroth.

In fine weather, when the sun was bright and the air balmy, and only occasional shivers reminded happy idlers that an English climate is treacherous, Mrs. Cinqmars delighted to receive her friends in the garden. Innumerable arm-chairs of foreign basket-work were to be found in snug little corners of the grounds: tiny tables were ready for the accommodation of tea-cups or ice-plates. Champagne and claret cups were as bounteously provided as if those beverages had been running streams watering the velvet lawns and meandering through the groves of the Rancho. Wenham's clear ice was as plentiful as if the Thames had been one solid block from Thame to Nore. There was no croquet. In this, as in the flower beds, Mrs. Cinqmars had been forestalled by all the world. But as a substitute for this universal recreation, Mrs. Cinqmars had imported all manner of curious games upon queer little tables with wiry mazes and bells and balls, at which a good deal of money and a still larger amount of the manufacture of Piver or Jouvin were lost and won on that lady's Tuesdays. The châtelaine herself even was not insensible to the offerings of gloves; she had indeed an insatiable appetite for that commodity, and absorbed so many packets of apricot and lavender treble buttons from her numerous admirers that it might be supposed that her husband, while lavishing upon her every other luxury, altogether denied her these emblems of civilization. But as Mrs. Cinqmars was never seen in gloves which appeared to have been worn more than half an hour, it may be fairly imagined that her consumption of the article was large. Taking a moderate view of the case, and supposing that she wore only three pairs per diem, she would require more than a thousand pairs per annum, and this last straw on the expenses of her sumptuous toilet may have broken Mr. Cinqmars's back. However this might be, Mrs. Cinqmars was singularly successful in all these small games of chance, tempered by skill, and did a good deal of lady-like speculation upon various races into the bargain, whereby the glove-boxes—not paltry toys made to hold half a dozen or so, but huge caskets of carved sandal-wood, with partitions for the divers colors—were never empty. Young men were seen approaching her through the groves of the Rancho armed with dainty oblong packages, their humble tribute to the goddess of the grove—tribute which she received with a business-like coolness, as her due. There were malicious people who hinted that Mrs. Cinqmars was not inaccessible to larger offerings; that diamond bracelets, ruby crosses, emerald ear-rings, which were not the gifts of her husband, had found their way to her jewel-cases; but as Mr. Cinqmars was exorbitantly rich, this was of course a fabrication: only there is an order of goddesses somewhat insatiable in the matter of tribute—goddesses who, on being suddenly possessed of the Koh-i-noor, would that instant languish for the Star of the South as a pendant thereto.

Upon this particular afternoon in May the air was balmy, and the sun unseasonably warm—for it is only the fond believer in idyllic poets who expects genial weather in May—and the grounds of the Rancho were gay with visitors; brightly costumed groups scattered here and there in the shade; a perpetual crowd hovering about the footsteps of Mrs. Cinqmars as she moved to and fro among her guests, so delighted to see every one; a cheerful chatter of many voices, and a musical jingle of tea-spoons, mildly suggestive of refreshment.

Mrs. Cinqmars was a little woman, with intensely black eyes and long black hair—hair which she wore down her back, after the fashion of a horse's tail, and which reached ever so far below her waist—hair which she delighted to tie with bright-colored ribbons in a coigne at the top of her small black head. She was a woman who affected brilliant colors, and as she flashed here and there amidst the greenery, had something the air of a gorgeous paraquito from some far southern isle.

Her hair and her eyes were her strong points, and to come within the range of those tremendous orbs was like facing a battery of Lancastrians. They dealt ruin across the open country, bringing down their quarry at a terrific distance. To be able to stand the blaze of Mrs. Cinqmars's eyes was to be case-hardened, tried in the fire of half a dozen London seasons. For the rest, she was hardly to be called a pretty woman: her complexion was sallow, and as she wished to have the freehold and not a short lease of whatever beauty she possessed, she was wise enough to refrain from the famous arts of our modern Medea, Madame Rachel Levison. Her small hands and feet, coquettish costumes, brilliant eyes, and luxuriant hair she considered all-sufficient for the subjugation of mankind.

She received Mrs. Chevenix and her niece with effusion: so kind of them to come, and so on. And she really was glad to see them. They belonged to a class which she was peculiarly desirous to cultivate, the eminently respectable—not that she for her own part liked this order of beings, or would for worlds have had her parties composed of such alone; but a little leaven might leaven the whole lump, and Mrs. Cinqmars was quite aware that the mass of her society did require such leavening. Not that Mrs. Cinqmars was herself in any manner disreputable. She had never been accused of carrying a flirtation beyond the limits which society has prescribed for a young matron; she was known to be devoted to her husband and her husband's interests; and yet the friends and flatterers she gathered around her were not the choicest fruit in the basket; they were rather those ever-so-slightly-speckled peaches which only fetch a secondary price in the market. The class with which Mr. Cinqmars shared the glories of his wealth and state was that class which seems by some natural affinity to ally itself with the wealthy parvenu—second-rate authors, newspaper men, and painters; fastish noblemen, military men with a passion for amateur theatricals, and so on; *toute la boutique*, as Mrs. Cinqmars observed.

Mr. Cinqmars had a two-hundred-ton yacht of notorious speed and sailing capacity, which assisted him in the cultivation of youthful scions of the aristocracy, whose presence imparted a grace to the dinner-parties and kettle-drums at the Rancho: but it happened, unfortunately, that the youthful scions were for the most part impecunious, and did not materially advance Du Châtelet's interests. It was not often that Mr. and Mrs. Cinqmars were so fortunate as to cultivate such an acquaintance as Lord Paulyn, and the friendship of that wealthy nobleman had been a source of much gratification to both husband and wife. Reginald Paulyn liked the easy-going style of the Rancho; liked to feel himself a god in that peculiar circle; liked to be able to flirt with agreeable young women who were not perpetually beneath the piercing eye of a calculating parent or guardian; to flirt a little even, in a strictly honorable manner, with Mrs. Cinqmars herself; to play billiards till the summer stars grew pale, or to gamble in moon-lit groves where the little bells on the bewired and benumbered boards tinkled merrily under the silent night. Lord Paulyn liked to enjoy himself without paying any tax in the shape of ceremony, and the Rancho offered him just this kind of enjoyment. He, too, had his yacht, the *Leprachaun;* so there was sympathy between him and the adventurous Du Châtelet, who had crossed the Atlantic in a half-decked pinnace of thirty tons, and discovered the source of the Nile for his own amusement, before any of the more distinguished explorers who have made themselves known to fame, according to his own account of his various and interesting career.

"I like the Rancho, you know," the Viscount would remark to his friends, with a condescending air; "it's like a little bit of Hombourg on the banks of the Thames; and Cinqmars isn't half a bad fellow—a little loud, of course, you know, and so is Mrs. C.; and one needn't believe a large percentage of what either of 'em says. But I rather like that kind of thing; one gets surfeited with good manners in the season."

To these happy hunting-grounds the Viscount was peculiarly desirous to introduce Elizabeth. It was all very well calling three or four times a week in Eaton Square, and whiling away a couple of hours under the eye, or within reach of the ear, of Mrs. Chevenix; but the lover's soul languished for a closer communion than this; for *tête-à-tête* rambles under the forest trees at Fulham; for a snug little corner on board Mrs. Cinqmars's barge, when she gave her great water-parties up the river, between Hampton lock and Henley; for waltzes in the rustic drawing-room, where half a dozen couples were wont to have the floor to themselves late in the night after the Cinqmarses dinners. The Viscount's chances of meeting his beloved in society were not numerous. His circle was not Mrs. Chevenix's circle, and it annoyed him to hear of dinners and balls to which Elizabeth was going, the dinners of wealthy professional men or commercial magnates, just outside the boundary of his patrician world. The Rancho offered an open field for their frequent meeting, and it was for this reason that the Viscount desired to bring about an alliance between Elizabeth and Mrs. Cinqmars.

Miss Luttrell accepted that lady's enthusiastic welcome with her usual coolness, and allowed her aunt to descant alone upon the charms of the Rancho grounds, and her astonishment on finding so large a domain on the very edge of London. Lord Paulyn had arrived before them, and was ready to carry off Elizabeth at once to explore the beauties of the place.

"I know you're fond of old trees," he said, "and you must see Mrs. Cinqmars's cedars."

Flora Cinqmars looked after the two with an air of enlightenment. So Lord Paulyn was sweet upon that handsome Devonshire girl people talked so much about. The discovery was not an agreeable one. Mrs. Cinqmars liked her friends best while their affections were disengaged; and no doubt if Lord Paulyn married, there would be an end of an acquaintance which had been very useful to her. She was not, however, an ill-natured person, so she gave her graceful shoulders a careless little shrug, and resigned herself to the inevitable.

"I suppose I had better be civil to the girl," she thought; "and if he cuts us after he is married, I can't help it. But perhaps he'll hardly do that if he marries a parson's daughter, though he might if he took up with some heavy swell, who'd run her pen through the list of his bachelor acquaintances, and put her veto on all the nicest people."

Elizabeth found Mrs. Cinqmars's afternoon by no means disagreeable. There were plenty of pleasant people and well-dressed people; a few eccentric toilets, *pour se divertir;* a good many people with a certain kind of literary or artistic distinction, a mere effervescence of the hour, perhaps a temporary sparkle, which would leave them as flat as yesterday's unfinished bottles of Champagne by next season, but which for the moment made them worth seeing. Then there were the grounds, pink and white horse-chestnuts in their Whitsuntide glory, and the river running swiftly downward under the westering sun.

Lord Paulyn tried his uttermost to keep Elizabeth to himself; to beguile her into lonely walks where he could pour forth the emotions of his soul, which did not express themselves in a particularly poetical manner at the best of times; but Elizabeth was anxious to see the celebrities, and a good many people were anxious to see her, as a celebrity in her own peculiar line, by reason of her beauty; so Lord Paulyn was thwarted in this desire, and was fain to be content with keeping his place at her side, whether she sat or walked, against all comers.

"I never do seem able to get five minutes' quiet talk with you," he said at last, almost savagely, when Mrs. Chevenix had joined them, and was talking of going back to town.

"I really can not imagine what you can have to say that can't quite as well be said in a crowd as in solitude," said Elizabeth, coldly.

She gave him these little checks occasionally, not quite forgetting that she was the plighted wife of another man—a fact which she had begged her aunt to tell Lord Paulyn, and which she fondly supposed had been imparted to him. Secure in the idea that the Viscount had been made acquainted with her position, or at any rate serenely indifferent to that gentleman's feelings, she enjoyed her new life, and permitted his attentions with a charming carelessness, as if he had been of little more account than an affectionate Skye terrier. It was one of the prerogatives of her beauty to be admired, and she was worldly-wise enough to know that her position in her aunt's circle was wondrously enhanced by this rumor of Lord Paulyn's infatuation. He had as yet neither committed himself nor alarmed her by any direct avowal; she had taken care to keep him so completely at bay as to prevent such a crisis.

And even in the midst of all these pleasures and excitements, in this atmosphere of adulation, her heart did yearn for the lover from whom she was parted; for the light of those dark steadfast eyes; the grasp of that strong hand, whose touch thrilled her soul; for the sound of that earnest voice, whose commonest word was sweeter than all other utterances upon this earth. She did think of him; yes, in the very press and hurry of her new life, and still more deeply in every chance moment of repose—even to-day under those wide-spreading chestnuts, beside that sun-lit river. How doubly, trebly, unutterably sweet this life would have been with him!

"If some good fairy would change the positions of the two men," she thought, childishly, "and make Malcolm Lord Paulyn, what a happy creature I should be!"

And then she was angry with herself for thinking so base a thought. Had she not won much more than the world in winning him?

"He knows that I am not good, that I am just the very last of women he ought to have chosen, and yet he loves me. I am proud to think of that. I should have hardly valued his love if he had only chosen me because I was good and proper, and a suitable person for his wife," she argued with herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In these days of repeated disasters by land and by sea it might be difficult for the most cautious person to decide whether railroad or steamboat travel involved the greater peril. But with the heart-rending details of the wreck of the *Atlantic* fresh in mind, we turn away instinctively from life on the ocean, even for a brief period. This is the *instinctive* feeling—yet doubtless for a time, until the remembrance of the recent calamity on the coast of Nova Scotia has somewhat faded from the public mind, unusual care will be exercised in the management of our ocean steamers, and voyagers will be really more secure than they have been recently. Nevertheless the proposed plan of a shortened ocean route to Europe is peculiarly attractive at a time when the terrors of the "great deep" overshadow us. A short time ago a bill was presented to the Canadian Parliament asking the appointment of a committee to consider the best and most direct route between Canada and Europe. The plan suggested contemplated making the city of St. Johns, Newfoundland, the eastern continental port, Valentia, Ireland, being the European terminus of the proposed steam-ship line. The total distance between these two points is sixteen hundred miles, little more than half the distance between New York and Cork by the ordinary routes. The railroad and steam-ship time between Valentia and London is sixteen hours, and the distance between Valentia and Cape Race, Newfoundland, is fourteen hundred nautical miles, easily accomplished by a steam-ship in a hundred hours. A railway from St. Johns would convey travelers and mails across the island to St. George's Bay in about sixteen hours, and thence by steamer to some point of the Intercolonial Railway in Nova Scotia, not more than fifteen hours distant from Montreal. This route involves various changes in the mode of conveyance, but the entire trip could be accomplished in about seven days, only about one-half of the time being spent in the ocean passage. Whether this particular plan will ever be carried into execution or not remains to be seen, but that some method of abbreviating Atlantic voyages will be adopted in the course of time seems every way probable.

England is learning something from America, as well she might. Sleeping-cars have been introduced on the North British Railway, and will be a great comfort to American travelers, and to the English also as soon as they can cordially accept the innovation. The managers of the Midland Railway Company, of England, have taken a decided step toward the introduction of the Pullman palace car on that road. A contract has been made with Mr. Pullman, and the first cars are to be built in America. According to agreement, eighteen new cars will be shipped to England in August, 1873.

Through the instrumentality of Mr. Spurgeon and his friends a college is to be erected in the vicinity of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. The site selected is one on which now stands the ruins of a Church of England parsonage.

The Social Parlor of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union is an attractive place on Sunday afternoon. It is handsomely furnished, well warmed, and supplied with piano, organ, and other things to pleasantly occupy the time. The reading-room of the Union is also open on Sunday, and is much frequented.

A Parisian gun-maker has made matters plain and simple by putting the following notice in his shop-window: "A great Choice of Patent Revolvers. N.B.—In the case is all the apparatus necessary for extracting the ball and dressing the wound."

A Detroit rat has succeeded in getting this story circulated about himself: Whenever the piano is left open and the room unoccupied, he emerges from his hiding-place and runs up and down over the keys, evidently highly delighted with the "music" produced thereby. When the piano is closed, the sagacious rodent perches himself on the corner and utters dismal squeaks of disappointment. Such a "rat tail" as this needs to be *seen* before being implicitly believed.

It is not strange that a sudden calamity at sea should cause a panic among the helpless who are placed at the mercy of the raging ocean. What can be more terrible than to be awakened from slumber as were the hapless passengers of the ill-fated *Atlantic?* Only those accustomed to the perils of ocean life, or those who by nature and habit are possessed of great self-control, can be expected to preserve their presence of mind at such a time. The necessity of doing something immediately, and the utter lack of knowledge what to do, tend to turn the thoughts into wildest frenzy. Self-control is a natural gift with some; others have acquired it by long practice. While charity should make us lenient in our judgment of those who in untried scenes of peril are found lacking in it, no one should be placed in a position of great responsibility who is deficient in presence of mind.

Lunalilo, the new King of the Sandwich Islands, proposes to make a tour of the United States. He desires to become better acquainted with a country which he professes to admire, and it is rumored that he intends, if possible, to negotiate a treaty of commercial reciprocity.

The "fever-tree" of Australia is so called not because it causes, but because it cures fevers. This tree sometimes attains the height of three hundred feet, and a diameter of thirty feet. All parts of it are aromatic, but especially the flowers and leaves. In intermittent fevers an infusion of the powdered leaves has produced "marvelous results." This tree has been introduced into Brazil from Australia.

The Bank of England was incorporated in 1649. It covers five acres of ground, and employs 900 clerks. There are no windows on the street; light is admitted through open courts: no mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The clock in the centre of the bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the court, and engines in perfect order are always in readiness in case of fire.

Manchester, England, has been the scene of an extraordinary case of suicide. Three clerks employed in some large lead-mills in that city were practicing blank firing, as was their custom, when one of them, named Roberts, passed his rifle to a fellow-clerk named Walter, and told him to aim at his breast. It appears, however, that Roberts had, unperceived by his companions, loaded the rifle with ball-cartridge. Walter took aim, as desired, and to his horror Roberts fell dead at his feet, the bullet having passed through his breast. In his hand was found the following letter:

"*March 4, 1873.*

"I am very glad you have saved me the trouble of shooting myself. I know you are anxious to become a marksman in the corps; perhaps I will be of service to you by making a target of myself. Wishing you success to your first shot, I remain,

"Yours respectfully, ALFRED ROBERTS."

It is said to be customary among English volunteers to point their rifles at each other for the purpose of acquiring steadiness of aim—a practice as foolish as unnecessary.

New Hampshire toads must take the palm. One was discovered some time ago near a bee-hive actively at work catching and eating bees. The owner of the bees, with characteristic kindness of heart, tenderly picked up the creature and carried him half a mile away. The next morning that identical toad was back again at the old stand, actively at work as before. He again took him up, carried him a long mile away, and dropped him. But in twenty-four hours he was back again, reducing the number of bees as successfully as ever.

The coast of Nova Scotia has long been known as a dangerous one in rough weather, and some notable wrecks have occurred in past years. On the morning of November 16, 1797, the French frigate *La Tribune* went down, with 300 persons on board. The British gun-boat *Drake* was wrecked there June 20, 1822, and sixty persons drowned; and July 13, 1843, the British troop-ship *Albert* went ashore, though most on board were saved. The last great wreck on the Nova Scotia coast before that of the *Atlantic* was the United States mail steam-ship *Hungarian*, February 20, 1860, when all on board, numbering 205 persons, were lost.

Reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, does not seem to have entered a convent, or to have excluded herself from the world. She recently distributed the prizes to the members of the London Scottish Volunteers, and appeared in the best of health and spirits, giving a kind word and a smile with every prize. The marquis was present on the occasion, made a nice little speech, and no matrimonial difficulty was apparent.

Dr. Edward Young, at the head of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington, estimates the amount paid for liquors consumed in 1870 at $600,000,000, averaging nearly $20 for every man, woman, and child. The tobacco sold in the country for smoking, chewing, and snuffing cost $250,000,000. No wonder so many people are poor, when such sums of money are expended on indulgences of this kind.

A strange story of discovery, made at the old Conciergerie in Paris, is reported. A fire having destroyed two of the three towers at the Court of Cassation, the workmen engaged in repairing recently came suddenly upon a mysteriously deep well. This was contrived curiously in the wall facing the quay, and proves to be nothing less than the fatal dungeon of the old Palace of St. Louis. An opening of two square yards in one of the turrets reveals a horrid tunnel reaching the level of the Seine. There it forms a gallery sloping downward to the bed of the river. The attempt to penetrate into this dreadful dungeon was fruitless, as the interior is lined with sharp iron spears and points, which cross each other in every direction. When this Palace of St. Louis was used occasionally as the dwelling of the kings of France, captives of note were confined in its under-ground prisons, and when the powers that were became anxious to get rid of any one of them, they led him through a passage formed in the interior of the wall toward this newly discovered dungeon. A secret door was opened, and he was precipitated into the yawning chasm, and there, transfixed by spikes, he perished in slow torture.

Prince Louis Napoleon has accepted an invitation of the court of Vienna to attend the Exhibition.

One of the latest patents is for a "medicated towel," which, applied vigorously after a bath, cures all manner of skin diseases. An unmedicated towel would frequently produce the same result if applied in the same way.

Energy and extravagance were two leading characteristics of Alexandre Dumas. Ordinary illnesses could not keep him from mental work, and only when paralysis attacked him did he give up. As to his extravagance, every body knew there was no limit to it except money. On one occasion he gave a ball to the literary and artistic people of Paris. A part of the entertainment consisted of three hundred bottles of Bordeaux which were put to warm by the fire, and five hundred bottles of Champagne which were placed in ice.

Oysters are now manufactured, so rumor says, out of flour paste, tapioca, salt, and water. They pretend to be excellent; but this makes the matter worse. We thought we could rely on oysters being genuine. Next we shall have false roast beef and mutton.

Life in Cairo, Egypt, commences early in the morning for those who have any important business to transact. His highness the Khedive is one of the earliest to begin his day's work. He attends himself to every detail concerning his country and the administration of its affairs. The fashionable world of Cairo sits down to a substantial lunch-breakfast about eleven o'clock. Three hours later almost every one is out shopping or paying calls, after which comes the inevitable drive in the "Shoubra"—a beautiful shady avenue of acacia-trees. There may be seen the fashion and beauty of Cairo driving in handsome carriages with European horses, for the Arab horses, though fine for riding, are too small and slender for the harness, and are rarely used by the élite, excepting in small carriages. When the sun seems sinking below the horizon the carriages leave the "Shoubra" in a grand rush. There is no twilight in Egypt; but when the veil of darkness falls over Cairo every one is at home preparing for dinner. Then afterward comes the opera or theatre. The Cairo Opera-house is a beautiful little building, highly ornamented, and hung within with crimson and gold. The centre of the house contains stalls, occupied chiefly by gentlemen; then come the first, second, and third tiers of boxes. These boxes are all large and commodious, with sofas, glasses, brackets, etc., and many seats—in fact, they are little rooms, and one can well receive four or five friends at a time. It is the fashion for gentlemen to go round between the acts and pay visits to all the ladies of their acquaintance, so that a night at the opera is quite a little *soirée* or reception. Many of the boxes are reserved for his highness and other princes. The operas at Cairo are most beautifully placed upon the stage. No expense is spared upon them, either to procure the best *danseuses*, the most perfect scenery and appliances, or the most exquisite and tasteful costumes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THAT nervous youth in Louisville who recently, by mistake, slipped a nickel five-cent piece into the parson's hand, instead of a five-dollar gold piece, which he had ready in another pocket, after three weeks of wedded bliss thinks he paid pretty dear for his fun, after all, and regrets that the nickel was not a suspender button.

Mrs. Partington, descanting on art, called Michael Angelo one of the "old mastiffs."

The latest instance of abstraction or bullism is related of a Cork gentleman, who, on calling on a lady, was told by the servant that her mistress was not at home. As he turned to go out he caught a glimpse of the lady's head in a mirror through a half-opened door. An hour after he called on another friend, and found the lady there. "I have just been to your house," said he, "but had not the pleasure of seeing you." "Indeed! I'm so sorry. But I went out in great haste on business." "In such haste, I presume, that you left your head behind you, for I saw it in the glass." "Did you? It is very possible: I am so absent-minded."

A SMART THING—A mustard plaster.

Dr. Johnson was seldom more essentially Johnsonian than when, in his life of Milton, he thus sums up the duties of the faithful school-master: "To recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension."

AN OUTWARD-BOUND BARK—A dog's.

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole into an old bachelor's bosom.

An old joker, who was never known to yield the palm to any antagonist in reeling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps at hearing a traveler state that he once saw a brick house placed upon runners and drawn up hill to a more favorable location some half mile distant. "What do you think of that, Uncle Ethiel?" said the by-standers. "Oh, fudge!" said the old man. "I once saw a two-story house down East drawn by oxen three miles." A dead silence ensued; the old man evidently had the worst end of it, and he saw it. Gathering all his energies, he bit off a huge piece of pigtail by way of gaining time for thought. "They drawed the stone house," said the old man, ejecting a quantity of tobacco juice toward the fire-place; "but that warn't the worst of the job, for after they had done that, they went back and drawed the cellar." The stranger gave in.

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?—Absence of body.

Two French ladies were looking for the little daughter of one of them in a group of baby carriages. "Do you see him?" asked the friend of the mother. "Him? I am looking for her nurse." "Her nurse?" "Yes. All children look alike; I know the nurse, and I can find the child best in that way." "As for myself, I think all *bonnes* look alike." "How do you find yours, then?" "Oh, I know the soldier who is her beau."

When is a singer like a price-list?—When he is invoice.

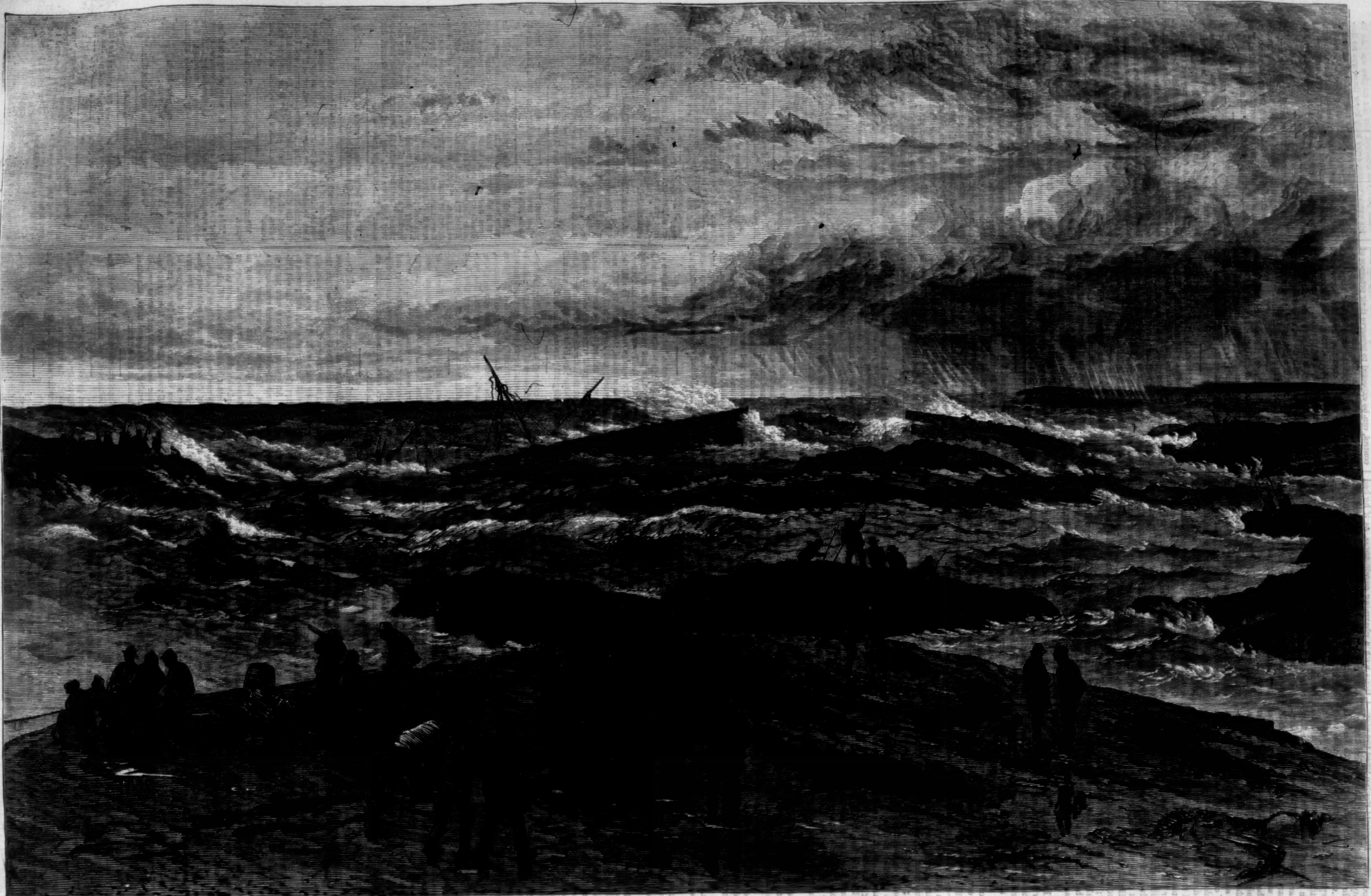
This age of poetry has had a very pretty contribution from the pen of a young lady. The verse we quote is a sample of a series read by counsel during a trial in satisfaction for a broken promise of marriage. The satisfaction she obtained is a very handsome amount. Here is the verse:

"Ah, ask me no more—my poor brain
Is weary and lonely and sore;
Have pity, have pity, oh, Tom!
'For I'll send you the very best flour.'"

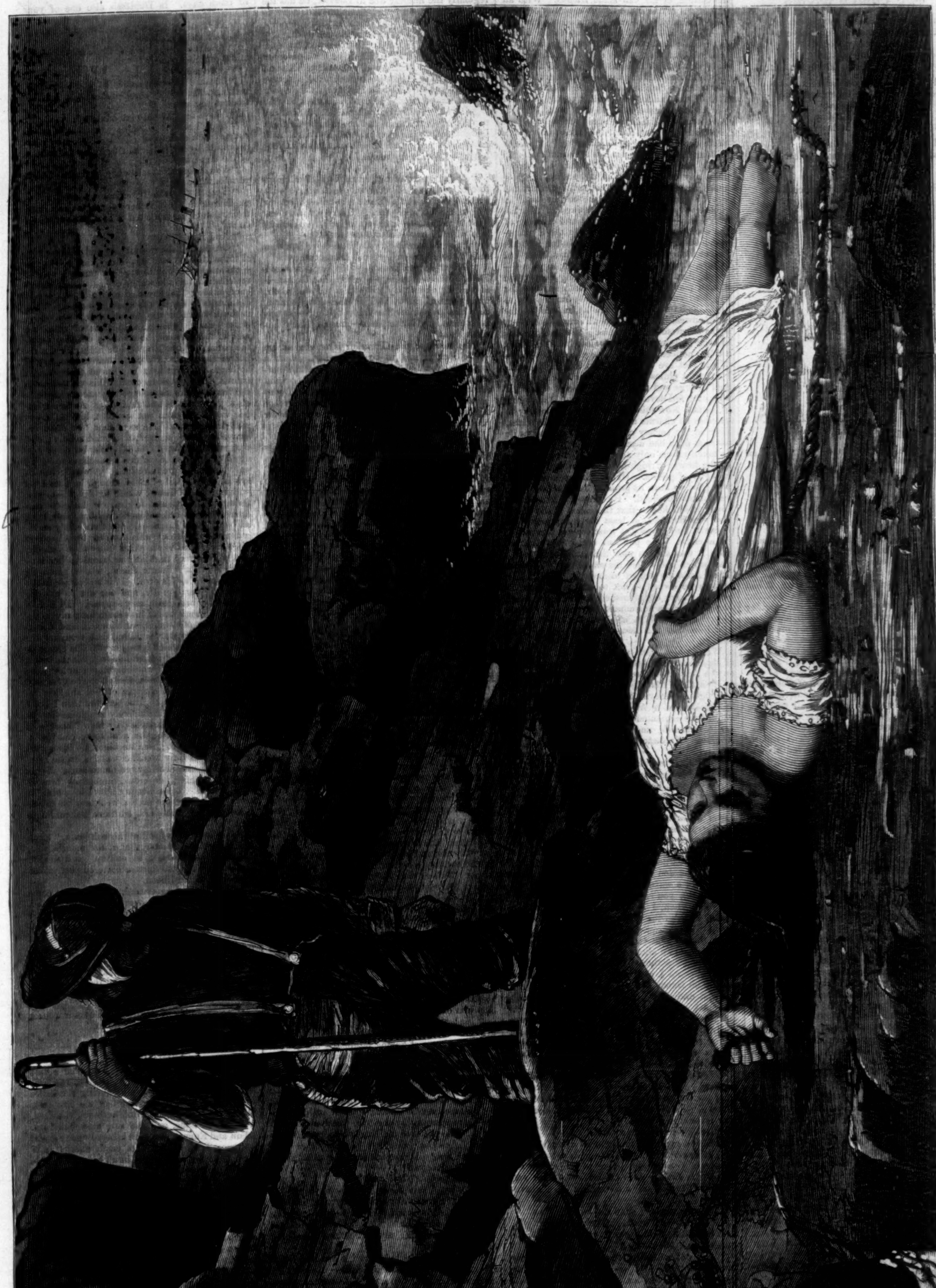
A FAVORITE EXCLAMATION—A lass!

A Milesian astounded a grocer by entering his store with this request: "Mister M'Gra, would you lind me an empty barrel of flour to make a hen-coop fur me dog?"

A young woman, evidently "from the country," was seen standing the other day, with a very perplexed air, at one of the lamp-post boxes. She was observed to knock several times on the top of the iron box, but obtaining no response, she passed round to the opposite side, and, raising the cover of the slit in which letters are placed, she applied her mouth to the aperture, and called out (or in), "Can ye let me have a postage stamp, if ye please?"



THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC"—SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD.—From a Sketch taken on the Spot.—[See Page 342.]



THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC"—CAST UP BY THE SEA.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 342.]

THE FICKLE WOOER.

The breeze beside my lattice strayed
And with the rose-vine idly played,
And softly wooed
In loving mood
The sweet rose hidden 'neath the shade.

And all the yellow-coated bees
Grew jealous of the sportive breeze,
Who stole away
With willful play
The rose's fragrance at his ease!

And as his sighing met my ear,
Cried I, Ah, Zephyr! much I fear,
Young trifler, you
Do falsely woo
While lingering 'neath my lattice here.

You coax the rose's breath away,
And kiss her, not in love, but play!
And on the air
Her treasures rare
Are sure to fling at close of day!

Now I've a lover o'er the sea,
Who waits a word of love from me:
'Tis not for you
To kiss and woo,
But you a messenger shall be.

Go take my lover, little breeze,
My love—and kisses, if you please!
Now speed away,
Nor longer stay,
The blushing rose to woo and tease!

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," Etc., Etc.

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER II.

The Marquis de Rochebriant is no longer domiciled in an attic in the gloomy faubourg. See him now in a charming *appartement de garçon au premier* in the Rue du Helder, close by the promenades and haunts of the *mode*. It had been furnished and inhabited by a brilliant young provincial from Bordeaux, who, coming into an inheritance of 100,000 francs, had rushed up to Paris to enjoy himself, and make his million at the Bourse. He *had* enjoyed himself thoroughly—he had been a darling of the *aemi monde*. He had been a successful and an inconstant gallant. Zélie had listened to his vows of eternal love, and his offers of unlimited *cachemires*. Desirée, succeeding Zélie, had assigned to him her whole heart, or all that was left of it, in gratitude for the ardor of his passion, and the diamonds and *coupé* which accompanied and attested the ardor. The superb Hortense, supplanting Desirée, received his visits in the charming apartment he furnished for her, and entertained him and his friends at the most delicate little suppers, for the moderate sum of 4000 francs a month. Yes, he had enjoyed himself thoroughly, but he had not made a million at the Bourse. Before the year was out the 100,000 francs were gone. Compelled to return to his province, and by his hard-hearted relations ordained, on penalty of starvation, to marry the daughter of an *avoué*, for the sake of her *dot* and a share in the hated drudgery of the *avoué's* business, his apartment was to be had for a tenth part of the original cost of its furniture. A certain Chevalier de Finisterre, to whom Louvier had introduced the Marquis as a useful fellow, who knew Paris, and would save him from being cheated, had secured this *bijou* of an apartment for Alain, and concluded the bargain for the *bagatelle* of £500. The Chevalier took the same advantageous occasion to purchase the English well-bred hack, and the neat *coupé* and horses which the Bordelais was also necessitated to dispose of. These purchases made, the Marquis had some 5000 francs (£200) left out of Louvier's premium of £1000. The Marquis, however, did not seem alarmed or dejected by the sudden diminution of capital so expeditiously effected. The easy life thus commenced seemed to him too natural to be fraught with danger; and easy though it was, it was a very simple and modest sort of life compared with that of many other men of his age to whom Enguerrand had introduced him, though most of them had an income less than his, and few, indeed, of them were his equals in dignity of birth. Could a Marquis de Rochebriant, if he lived at Paris at all, give less than 3000 francs a year for his apartment, or mount a more humble establishment than that confined to a valet and a tiger, two horses for his *coupé* and one for the saddle? "Impossible," said the Chevalier de Finisterre, decidedly; and the Marquis bowed to so high an authority. He thought within himself, "If I find in a few months that I am exceeding my means, I can but dispose of my rooms and my horses, and return to Rochebriant a richer man by far than I left it."

To say truth, the brilliant seductions of Paris had already produced their effect, not only on the habits, but on the character and cast of thought, which the young noble had brought with him from the feudal and melancholy Bretagne.

Warmed by the kindness with which, once introduced by his popular kinsmen, he was every where received, the reserve or shyness which is the compromise between the haughtiness of self-esteem and the painful doubt of appreciation by others rapidly melted away. He caught insensibly the polished tone, at once so light and so cordial, of his new-made friends. With all the efforts of the democrats to establish equality and fraternity, it is among the aristocrats that equality and fraternity are most to be found. All *gentilshommes* in the best society are equals, and whether they embrace or fight each other, they embrace or fight as brothers of the same family. But with the tone of manners Alain de Rochebriant imbibed still more insensibly the lore of that philosophy which young idlers in pursuit of pleasure teach to each other. Probably in all civilized and luxurious capitals that philosophy is very much the same among the same class of idlers at the same age; probably it flourishes in Pekin not less than at Paris. If Paris has the credit, or discredit, of it more than any other capital, it is because in Paris more than in any other capital it charms the eye by grace and amuses the ear by wit. A philosophy which takes the things of this life very easily—which has a smile and a shrug of the shoulders for any pretender to the Heroic—which subdivides the wealth of passion into the pocket-money of caprices—is always in or out of love, ankle-deep, never venturing a plunge—which, light of heart as of tongue, turns "the solemn plausibilities" of earth into subjects for epigrams and *bons mots*—it jests at loyalty to kings, and turns up its nose at enthusiasm for commonwealths—it abjures all grave studies—it shuns all profound emotions. We have crowds of such philosophers in London, but there they are less noticed, because the agreeable attributes of the sect are there dimmed and obfuscated. It is not a philosophy that flowers richly in the reek of fogs and in the teeth of east winds; it wants for full development the light atmosphere of Paris. Now this philosophy began rapidly to exercise its charms upon Alain de Rochebriant. Even in the society of professed Legitimists he felt that faith had deserted the Legitimist creed, or taken refuge only as a companion of religion in the hearts of high-born women and a small minority of priests. His chivalrous loyalty still struggled to keep its ground, but its roots were very much loosened. He saw—for his natural intellect was keen—that the cause of the Bourbon was hopeless, at least for the present, because it had ceased, at least for the present, to *be* a cause. His political creed thus shaken, with it was shaken also that adherence to the past which had stifled his ambition of a future. That ambition began to breathe and to stir, though he owned it not to others—though, as yet, he scarce distinguished its whispers, much less directed its movements toward any definite object. Meanwhile, all that he knew of his ambition was the new-born desire for social success.

We see him, then, under the quick operation of this change in sentiments and habits reclined on the *fauteuil* before his fireside, and listening to his college friend, of whom we have so long lost sight, Frederic Lemercier. Frederic had breakfasted with Alain—a breakfast such as might have contented the author of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and provided from the *Café Anglais*. Frederic has just thrown aside his regalia.

"*Pardieu!* my dear Alain. If Louvier has no sinister object in the generosity of his dealings with you, he will have raised himself prodigiously in my estimation. I shall forsake in his favor my allegiance to Duplessis, though that clever fellow has just made a wondrous *coup* in the Egyptians, and I gain 40,000 francs by having followed his advice. But if Duplessis has a head as long as Louvier's, he certainly has not an equal greatness of soul. Still, my dear friend, will you pardon me if I speak frankly, and in the way of a warning homily."

"Speak; you can not oblige me more."

"Well, then, I know that you can no more live at Paris in the way you are doing, or mean to do, without some fresh addition to your income than a lion could live in the Jardin des Plantes upon an allowance of two mice a week."

"I don't see that. Deducting what I pay to my aunt—and I can not get her to take more than 6000 francs a year—I have 700 napoleons left, net and clear. My rooms and stables are equipped, and I have 2500 francs in hand. On 700 napoleons a year I calculate that I can very easily live as I do, and if I fail—well, I must return to Rochebriant. Seven hundred napoleons a year will be a magnificent rental there."

Frederic shook his head.

"You do not know how one expense leads to another. Above all, you do not calculate the chief part of one's expenditure—the unforeseen. You will play at the Jockey Club, and lose half your income in a night."

"I shall never touch a card."

"So you say now, innocent as a lamb of the force of example. At all events, *beau seigneur*, I presume you are not going to resuscitate the part of the *Ermite de la Chaussée d'Antin;* and the fair *Parisiennes* are demons of extravagance."

"Demons whom I shall not court."

"Did I say you would? They will court you. Before another month has flown you will be inundated with *billets-doux*."

"It is not a shower that will devastate my humble harvest. But, *mon cher*, we are falling upon very gloomy topics. *Laissez-moi tranquille* in my illusions, if illusions they be. Ah, you can not conceive what a new life opens to the man who, like myself, has passed the dawn of his youth in privation and fear when he suddenly acquires competence and hope. If it last only a year, it will be something to say 'Vixi.'"

"Alain," said Frederic, very earnestly, "believe me I should not have assumed the ungracious and inappropriate task of Mentor if it were only a year's experience at stake, or if you were in the position of men like myself—free from the encumbrance of a great name and heavily mortgaged lands. Should you fail to pay regularly the interest due to Louvier, he has the power to put up at public auction, and there to buy in for himself, your *château* and domain."

"I am aware that in strict law he would have such power, though I doubt if he would use it. Louvier is certainly a much better and more generous fellow than I could have expected, and if I believe De Finisterre, he has taken a sincere liking to me on account of affection to my poor father. But why should not the interest be paid regularly? The revenues from Rochebriant are not likely to decrease, and the charge on them is lightened by the contract with Louvier. And I will confide to you a hope I entertain of a very large addition to my rental."

"How?"

"A chief part of my rental is derived from forests, and De Finisterre has heard of a capitalist who is disposed to make a contract for their sale at the fall this year, and may probably extend it to future years, at a price far exceeding that which I have hitherto obtained."

"Pray be cautious. De Finisterre is not a man I should implicitly trust in such matters."

"Why? do you know any thing against him? He is in the best society—perfect *gentilhomme*—, and as his name may tell you, a fellow-Breton. You yourself allow, and so does Enguerrand, that the purchases he made for me—in this apartment, my horses, etc.—are singularly advantageous."

"Quite true; the Chevalier is reputed sharp and clever, is said to be very amusing, and a first-rate *piquet*-player. I don't know him personally. I am not in his set. I have no valid reason to disparage his character, nor do I conjecture any motive he could have to injure or mislead you. Still, I say, be cautious how far you trust to his advice or recommendation."

"Again I ask why?"

"He is unlucky to his friends. He attaches himself much to men younger than himself; and somehow or other I have observed that most of them have come to grief. Besides, a person in whose sagacity I have great confidence warned me against making the Chevalier's acquaintance, and said to me, in his blunt way, 'De Finisterre came to Paris with nothing; he has succeeded to nothing; he belongs to no ostensible profession by which any thing can be made. But evidently now he has picked up a good deal; and in proportion as any young associate of his becomes poorer, De Finisterre seems mysteriously to become richer. Shun that sort of acquaintance.'"

"Who is your sagacious adviser?"

"Duplessis."

"Ah, I thought so. That bird of prey fancies every other bird looking out for pigeons. I fancy that Duplessis is, like all those money-getters, a seeker after fashion, and De Finisterre has not returned his bow."

"My dear Alain, I am to blame; nothing is so irritating as a dispute about the worth of the men we like. I began it, now let it be dropped; only make me one promise, that if you should be in arrear, or if need presses, you will come at once to me. It was very well to be absurdly proud in an attic, but that pride will be out of place in your *appartement au premier*."

"You are the best fellow in the world, Frederic, and I make you the promise you ask," said Alain, cheerfully, but yet with a secret emotion of tenderness and gratitude. "And now, *mon cher*, what day will you dine with me to meet Raoul and Enguerrand and some others whom you would like to know?"

"Thanks, and hearty ones, but we move now in different spheres, and I shall not trespass on yours. *Je suis trop bourgeois* to incur the ridicule of *le bourgeois gentilhomme*."

"Frederic, how dare you speak thus? My dear fellow, my friends shall honor you as I do."

"But that will be on your account, not mine. No; honestly, that kind of society neither tempts nor suits me. I am a sort of king in my own walk; and I prefer my Bohemian royalty to vassalage in higher regions. Say no more of it. It will flatter my vanity enough if you will now and then descend to my coteries, and allow me to parade a Rochebriant as my familiar crony, slap him on the shoulder, and call him Alain."

"Fie! you who stopped me and the English aristocrat in the Champs Elysées to humble us with your boast of having fascinated *une grande dame*—I think you said a *duchesse*."

"Oh," said Lemercier, conceitedly, and passing his hand through his scented locks, "women are different; love levels all ranks. I don't blame Ruy Blas for accepting the love of a queen, but I do blame him for passing himself off as a noble—a plagiarism, by-the-bye, from an English play. I do not love the English enough to copy them. *Apropos*, what has become of *ce beau* Gramm-Varn? I have not seen him of late."

"Neither have I."

"Nor the *belle Italienne?*"

"Nor her," said Alain, slightly blushing.

At this moment Enguerrand lounged into the room. Alain stopped Lemercier to introduce him to his kinsman. "Enguerrand, I present to you M. Lemercier, my earliest and one of my dearest friends."

The young noble held out his hand with the bright and joyous grace which accompanied all his movements, and expressed in cordial words his delight to make M. Lemercier's acquaintance. Bold and assured as Frederic was in his own circles, he was more discomposed than set at ease by the gracious accost of a *lion*, whom he felt at once to be of a breed superior to his own. He muttered some confused phrases, in which *ravi* and *flatté* were alone audible, and evanished.

"I know M. Lemercier by sight very well," said Enguerrand, seating himself. "One sees him very often in the Bois; and I have met him in the *Coulisses* and the *Bal Mabille*. I think, too, that he plays at the Bourse, and is *lié* with M. Duplessis, who bids fair to rival Louvier one of these days. Is Duplessis also one of your dearest friends?"

"No, indeed. I once met him, and was not prepossessed in his favor."

"Nevertheless he is a man much to be admired and respected."

"Why so?"

"Because he understands so well the art of making what we all covet—money. I will introduce you to him."

"I have been already introduced."

"Then I will reintroduce you. He is much courted in a society which I have recently been permitted by my father to frequent—the society of the Imperial Court."

"You frequent that society, and the Count permits it?"

"Yes; better the Imperialists than the Republicans; and my father begins to own that truth, though he is too old or too indolent to act on it."

"And Raoul?"

"Oh, Raoul, the melancholy and philosophical Raoul, has no ambition of any kind so long as—thanks somewhat to me—his purse is always replenished for the wants of his stately existence, among the foremost of which wants are the means to supply the wants of others. That is the true reason why he consents to our glove shop. Raoul belongs, with some other young men of the faubourg, to a society enrolled under the name of Saint François de Sales, for the relief of the poor. He visits their houses, and is at home by their sick-beds as at their stinted boards. Nor does he confine his visitations to the limits of our faubourg; he extends his travels to Montmartre and Belleville. As to our upper world, he does not concern himself much with its changes. He says that 'we have destroyed too much ever to rebuild solidly; and that whatever we do build could be upset any day by a Paris mob,' which he declares to be the only institution we have left. A wonderful fellow is Raoul; full of mind, though he does little with it; full of heart, which he devotes to suffering humanity, and to a poetic, knightly reverence (not to be confounded with earthly love, and not to be degraded into that sickly sentiment called Platonic affection) for the Comtesse di Rimini, who is six years older than himself, and who is very faithfully attached to her husband, Raoul's intimate friend, whose honor he would guard as his own. It is an episode in the drama of Parisian life, and one not so uncommon as the malignant may suppose. Di Rimini knows and approves of his veneration; my mother, the best of women, sanctions it, and deems truly that it preserves Raoul safe from all the temptations to which ignobler youth is exposed. I mention this lest you should imagine there was any thing in Raoul's worship of his star less pure than it is. For the rest, Raoul, to the grief and amazement of that disciple of Voltaire, my respected father, is one of the very few men I know in our circles who is sincerely religious—an orthodox Catholic—and the only man I know who practices the religion he professes; charitable, chaste, benevolent; and no bigot, no intolerant ascetic. His only weakness is his entire submission to the worldly common-sense of his good-for-nothing, covetous, ambitious brother Enguerrand. I can not say how I love him for that. If he had not such a weakness his excellence would gall me, and I believe I should hate him."

Alain bowed his head at this eulogium. Such had been the character that, a few months ago, he would have sought as example and model. He seemed to gaze upon a flattered portrait of himself as he had been.

"But," said Enguerrand, "I have not come here to indulge in the overflow of brotherly affection. I come to take you to your relation the Duchess of Tarascon. I have pledged myself to her to bring you, and she is at home on purpose to receive you."

"In that case I can not be such a churl as to refuse. And, indeed, I no longer feel quite the same prejudices against her and the Imperialists as I brought from Bretagne. Shall I order my carriage?"

"No; mine is at the door. Yours can meet you where you will later. *Allons*."

CHAPTER III.

The Duchesse de Tarascon occupied a vast apartment in the Rue Royale, close to the Tuileries. She held a high post among the ladies who graced the brilliant court of the Empress. She had survived her second husband, the Duc, who left no issue, and the title died with him. Alain and Enguerrand were ushered up the grand staircase, lined with tiers of costly exotics as if for a *fête;* but in that and in all kinds of female luxury the Duchesse lived in a state of *fête perpétuelle*. The doors on the landing-place were screened by heavy *portières* of Genoa velvet, richly embroidered in gold, with the ducal crown and cipher. The two *salons* through which the visitors passed to the private cabinet or boudoir were decorated with Gobelin tapestries, fresh, with a mixture of roseate hues, and depicting incidents in the career of the first Emperor; while the effigies of the late Duc's father—the gallant founder of a short-lived race—figured modestly in the background. On a table of Russian malachite within the recess of the central window lay, preserved in glass cases, the baton and the sword, the epaulets and the decorations, of the brave Marshal. On the *consoles* and the mantel-pieces stood clocks and vases of Sèvres that could scarcely be eclipsed by those in the imperial palaces. Entering the cabinet, they found the Duchesse seated at her writing-table, with a small Skye terrier, hideous in the beauty of the purest breed, nestled at her feet. This room was an exquisite combination of costliness and comfort—Luxury at home. The hangings were of geranium-colored silk, with double curtains of white satin; near to the writing-table a conservatory, with a white marble fountain at play in the centre, and a trellised aviary at the back. The walls were covered with small pictures—chiefly portraits and miniatures of the members of the imperial family, of the late Duc, of his father the Marshal, and Madame la Maréchale, of the present Duchesse herself, and of some of the principal ladies of the court.

The Duchesse was still in the prime of life. She had passed her fortieth year, but was so well "conserved" that you might have guessed her to be ten years younger. She was tall; not large—but with rounded figure inclined to *embonpoint;* with dark hair and eyes, but fair complexion, injured in effect rather than improved by pearl-powder, and that atrocious barbarism of a dark stain on the eyelids which has of late years been a baneful fashion; dressed—I am a man, and can not describe her dress—all I know is, that she had the acknowledged fame of the best-dressed *subject* of France. As she rose from her seat there was in her look and air the unmistakable evidence of *grande dame;* a family likeness in feature to Alain himself, a stronger likeness to the picture of her first cousin—his mother—which was preserved at Rochebriant. Her descent was indeed from ancient and noble houses. But to the distinction of race she added that of fashion, crowning both with a tranquil consciousness of lofty position and unblemished reputation.

"Unnatural cousin," she said to Alain, offering her hand to him, with a gracious smile; "all this age in Paris, and I see you for the first time. But there is joy on earth as in heaven over sinners who truly repent. You repent truly—*n'est ce pas?*"

It is impossible to describe the caressing charm which the Duchesse threw into her words, voice, and look. Alain was fascinated and subdued.

"Ah, Madame la Duchesse," said he, bowing over the fair hand he lightly held, "it was not sin, unless modesty be a sin, which made a rustic hesitate long before he dared to offer his homage to the queen of the graces."

"Not badly said for a rustic," cried Enguerrand; "eh, madame?"

"My cousin, you are pardoned," said the Duchesse. "Compliment is the perfume of *gentilhommerie.* And if you brought enough of that perfume from the flowers of Rochebriant to distribute among the ladies at court, you will be terribly the *mode* there. Seducer!"—here she gave the Marquis a playful tap on the cheek, not in a coquettish but in a mother-like familiarity, and looking at him attentively, said: "Why, you are even handsomer than your father. I shall be proud to present to their Imperial Majesties so becoming a cousin. But seat yourselves here, messieurs, close to my arm-chair, *causons.*"

The Duchesse then took up the ball of the conversation. She talked without any apparent artifice, but with admirable tact; put just the questions about Rochebriant most calculated to please Alain, shunning all that might have pained him; asking him for descriptions of the surrounding scenery—the Breton legends; hoping that the old castle would never be spoiled by modernizing restorations; inquiring tenderly after his aunt, whom she had in her childhood once seen, and still remembered with her sweet, grave face; paused little for replies; then turned to Enguerrand with sprightly small-talk on the topics of the day, and every now and then bringing Alain into the pale of the talk, leading on insensibly until she got Enguerrand himself to introduce the subject of the Emperor, and the political troubles which were darkening a reign heretofore so prosperous and splendid.

Her countenance then changed; it became serious, and even grave, in its expression.

"It is true," she said, "that the times grow menacing—menacing not only to the throne, but to order and property and France. One by one they are removing all the breakwaters which the empire had constructed between the executive and the most fickle and impulsive population that ever shouted 'long live' one day to the man whom they would send to the guillotine the next. They are denouncing what they call personal government—grant that it has its evils; but what would they substitute?—a constitutional monarchy like the English? That is impossible with universal suffrage and without a hereditary chamber. The nearest approach to it was the monarchy of Louis Philippe—we know how sick they became of that. A republic? *mon Dieu!* composed of republicans terrified out of their wits at each other. The moderate men, mimics of the Girondins, with the Reds, and the Socialists, and the Communists, ready to tear them to pieces. And then—what then?—the commercialists, the agriculturists, the middle class, combining to elect some dictator who will cannonade the mob, and become a mimic Napoleon, grafted on a mimic Necker or a mimic Danton. Oh, messieurs, I am French to the core! You inheritors of such names must be as French as I am; and yet you men insist on remaining more useless to France in the midst of her need than I am—I, a woman who can but talk and weep."

The Duchesse spoke with a warmth of emotion which startled and profoundly affected Alain. He remained silent, leaving it to Enguerrand to answer.

"Dear madame," said the latter, "I do not see how either myself or our kinsman can merit your reproach. We are not legislators. I doubt if there is a single department in France that would elect us if we offered ourselves. It is not our fault if the various floods of revolution leave men of our birth and opinions stranded wrecks of a perished world. The Emperor chooses his own advisers, and if they are bad ones, his Majesty certainly will not ask Alain and me to replace them."

"You do not answer—you evade me," said the Duchesse, with a mournful smile. "You are too skilled a man of the world, M. Enguerrand, not to know that it is not only legislators and ministers that are necessary to the support of a throne and the safeguard of a nation. Do you not see how great a help it is to both throne and nation when that section of public opinion which is represented by names illustrious in history, identified with records of chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion, rallies round the order established? Let that section of public opinion stand aloof, soured and discontented, excluded from active life, lending no counterbalance to the perilous oscillations of democratic passion, and tell me if it is not an enemy to itself as well as a traitor to the principles it embodies?"

"The principles it embodies, madame," said Alain, "are those of fidelity to a race of kings unjustly set aside, less for the vices than the virtues of ancestors. Louis XV. was the worst of the Bourbons—he was the *bien aimé*—he escapes; Louis XVI. was in moral attributes the best of the Bourbons—he dies the death of a felon; Louis XVIII., against whom much may be said, restored to the throne by foreign bayonets, reigning as a disciple of Voltaire might reign, secretly scoffing alike at the royalty and the religion which were crowned in his person, dies peacefully in his bed; Charles X., redeeming the errors of his youth by a reign untarnished by a vice, by a religion earnest and sincere, is sent into exile for defending established order from the very inroads which you lament. He leaves an heir against whom calumny can not invent a tale, and that heir remains an outlaw simply because he descends from Henry IV., and has a right to reign. Madame, you appeal to us as among the representatives of the chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion which characterized the old nobility of France. Should we deserve that character if we forsook the unfortunate, and gained wealth and honor in forsaking?"

"Your words endear you to me. I am proud to call you cousin," said the Duchesse. "But do you, or does any man in his senses, believe that if you upset the empire you could get back the Bourbons? that you would not be in imminent danger of a government infinitely more opposed to the theories on which rests the creed of Legitimists than that of Louis Napoleon? After all, what is there in the loyalty of you Bourbonites that has in it the solid worth of an argument which can appeal to the comprehension of mankind, except it be the principle of a hereditary monarchy? Nobody nowadays can maintain the right divine of a single regal family to impose itself upon a nation. That dogma has ceased to be a living principle; it is only a dead reminiscence. But the institution of monarchy is a principle strong and vital, and appealing to the practical interests of vast sections of society. Would you sacrifice the principle which concerns the welfare of millions, because you can not embody it in the person of an individual utterly insignificant in himself? In a word, if you prefer monarchy to the hazard of republicanism for such a country as France, accept the monarchy you find, since it is quite clear you can not rebuild the monarchy you would prefer. Does it not embrace all the great objects for which you call yourself Legitimist? Under it religion is honored, a national Church secured, in reality if not in name; under it you have united the votes of millions to the establishment of the throne; under it all the material interests of the country, commercial, agricultural, have advanced with an unequaled rapidity of progress; under it Paris has become the wonder of the world for riches, for splendor, for grace and beauty; under it the old traditional enemies of France have been humbled and rendered impotent. The policy of Richelieu has been achieved in the abasement of Austria; the policy of Napoleon I. has been consummated in the salvation of Europe from the semi-barbarous ambition of Russia. England no longer casts her trident in the opposite scale of the balance of European power. Satisfied with the honor of our alliance, she has lost every other ally; and her forces neglected, her spirit enervated, her statesmen dreaming believers in the safety of their island, provided they withdraw from the affairs of Europe, may sometimes scold us, but will certainly not dare to fight. With France she is but an inferior satellite; without France she is—nothing. Add to all this a court more brilliant than that of Louis XIV., a sovereign not, indeed, without faults and errors, but singularly mild in his nature, warm-hearted to friends, forgiving to foes, whom personally no one could familiarly know and not be charmed with a *bonté* of character, lovable as that of Henri IV.—and tell me what more than all this could you expect from the reign of a Bourbon?"

"With such results," said Alain, "from the monarchy you so eloquently praise, I fail to discover what the Emperor's throne could possibly gain by a few powerless converts from an unpopular, and you say, no doubt truly, from a hopeless cause."

"I say monarchy gains much by the loyal adhesion of any man of courage, ability, and honor. Every new monarchy gains much by conversions from the ranks by which the older monarchies were strengthened and adorned. But I do not here invoke your aid merely to this monarchy, my cousin; I demand your devotion to the interests of France; I demand that you should not rest an outlaw from her service. Ah, you think that France is in no danger—that you may desert or oppose the empire as you list, and that society will remain safe! You are mistaken. Ask Enguerrand."

"Madame," said Enguerrand, "you overrate my political knowledge in that appeal; but, honestly speaking, I subscribe to your reasonings. I agree with you that the empire sorely needs the support of men of honor: it has one cause of rot which now undermines it—dishonest jobbery in its administrative departments, even in that of the army, which apparently is so heeded and cared for. I agree with you that France is in danger, and may need the swords of all her better sons, whether against the foreigner or against her worst enemies—the mobs of her great towns. I myself received a military education, and but for my reluctance to separate myself from my father and Raoul, I should be a candidate for employments more congenial to me than those of the Bourse and my trade in the glove shop. But Alain is happily free from all family ties, and Alain knows that my advice to him is not hostile to your exhortations."

"I am glad to think he is under so salutary an influence," said the Duchesse; and seeing that Alain remained silent and thoughtful, she wisely changed the subject, and shortly afterward the two friends took leave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the rarer and more interesting remains found in the mounds of the West are plates of mica cut into different shapes, and evidently preserved as objects of great rarity and value; and, in the absence of this mineral in the Mississippi Valley, the question has frequently arisen whence the material could have been derived.

A recent communication from Professor W. C. Kerr, the State Geologist of North Carolina, tends to throw some light on this subject, and to open an interesting chapter in regard to the American prehistoric man. The use of mica in the arts, it is well known, has been increasing very rapidly for the last few years, and the old localities have become in a measure exhausted. This has made it necessary to search out new deposits of the mineral, and it is in North Carolina that the finest and largest plates of this substance have been met with. The work of collecting mica is carried on upon the largest scale in the high and rugged region between the Black Mountain, the Roanoke, and the head waters of the Nolachuky, principally in Mitchell County, North Carolina.

The region in question has long been known for the existence of numerous open works and tunnels, which, at first sight, were supposed to have been made in the search for silver or some other valuable metal. Professor Kerr, in his capacity of State Geologist, was led to investigate this question, and very soon found, in every instance, that the excavations referred to were much older than the earliest discovery of the country by the Spaniards, and that in all cases they were found in ledges of coarse granite, which contained nothing but large patches of mica. So uniformly was this the case that, after a while, the search for mica mines was mainly confined to the hunt after these prehistoric excavations, which, whenever cleared out and carefully examined, always revealed the mineral in question. This result was so constantly met with that Professor Kerr has been satisfied for some time that in these mines we have the work of the contemporaries of the mound-builders, and the localities whence they derived the mica. What use they made of it we can not say; but it is suggested that it may have served the purpose of mirrors, or possibly have been used as windows, as well as for ornament.

According to Professor Kerr, the number and size of these mines are remarkable, some of the open cuts being more than a hundred feet in diameter and twenty or thirty in depth, even after the caving in and filling up of centuries of weathering. The tunnels often extend inward several yards, but are said to be too small for a man of ordinary size to work in. These show distinct marks of the tool in the granitic wall, as if made by a chisel-shaped instrument about an inch broad. Numerous plates of mica are found in these tunnels and excavations, some of them trimmed to particular shapes; but nothing in the way of implements has been hitherto detected, with the exception of one small piece of wood, about an inch thick and two inches wide and more than a foot in length, having a slight depression near one end, as if for the carrying of a light.

These ancient works are known among the people as "sink holes" and "caves," and in them are frequently found blocks of mica weighing 500 to 1000 pounds, having plates three feet in diameter. Many curious minerals are often found associated with the mica in the feldspar matrix, the most abundant and conspicuous being beryls, some of which have been found weighing twenty pounds.

These facts, as already stated, open up a new chapter in the history of our aborigines, illustrating the character of the commerce carried on at a very remote period, and showing the magnitude of the operations, and the extended period of time over which they must have been prosecuted, to enable a people furnished with nothing better than wooden and stone tools to produce excavations of so great magnitude.

The publication of a fortnightly journal of sanitary science, entitled *Hygiene,* and edited by Dr. Reilly, has just been commenced in New York. Its object is to bring to the notice of the people such sanitary measures and precautions as may be indicated as appropriate from time to time by the condition of the public health; and we trust that much good may be done by its circulation.

The New York Nautical School-ship *Mercury* has spent the past winter in deep-sea research, as in a previous season, and, as before, has utilized the opportunities presented in the interest of science. Captain Giraud addressed the president of the board of Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction from Rio, under date of January 25, stating some of the points in which he regarded his operations as successful in connection with deep-sea soundings and temperatures. He surveyed a large portion of the so-called "volcanic region" of the Atlantic Ocean, finding the water very deep in that vicinity. Specimens brought up from the bottom appeared to be of undoubted volcanic origin. The Casella-Miller deep-sea thermometer was used on one occasion at a depth of 2040 fathoms, two miles north of the equator, in longitude 22° 16' west, and indicated a temperature of 35° F., at 1000 fathoms 38°, and at the surface 81°, the air being 80°. During the voyage from the Canary Islands to Rio the temperature at uniform depths was found to vary only about two degrees.

The death of M. Jourdan, from an attack of apoplexy, is announced in the Paris journals. This gentleman was formerly director of the Natural History Museum of Lyons, and was well known as an ardent cultivator of science.

A decree of February 17, 1873, on the part of the French government, reorganizes the Paris Observatory, and places it upon a basis of extended usefulness. This establishment is one of the most important of its class in the world, and has always gathered to itself a large share of the attention of astronomers. For many years it was directed by Professor Leverrier, who, however, was accused of administering it in an arbitrary and harsh manner, and to the injury of the reputation of himself and his subordinates, and he was accordingly displaced some years ago, and Professor Delauney established in his stead. The new incumbent did not enjoy his honors very long, as he was drowned in the summer of 1872, by the upsetting of a boat, on the coast of France.

No formal appointment of a director was made immediately after the death of Delauney, occasion being taken by the government to refer the whole subject to a commission, whose report is made the basis of the decree referred to. This provides that the astronomical *personnel* shall be dependent upon the Minister of Public Instruction, and shall consist of titular astronomers, adjunct astronomers, and assistant astronomers, these to be distributed among the different observatories, with especial reference to their fitness for their several positions.

The Observatory of Paris is to have an astronomical director, six titular astronomers, ten adjunct astronomers, and a certain number of assistant astronomers, together with a secretary and a financial agent. The general operations of the observatory, however, are to be controlled by a scientific council, consisting of the director, certain chief astronomers, and six counselors of the observatory chosen among the savants eminent for their labors in mathematical, astronomical, and physical science, and four of them, at least, to belong to the Academy of Sciences or to the Bureau of Longitudes. Each year one of these goes out of office, but may be rechosen by the minister. The higher officers of the observatory are to be appointed by the President of the republic, on the nomination of the minister and with the advice of the General Assembly; the lower grades are appointed by the minister, on the nomination of the director.

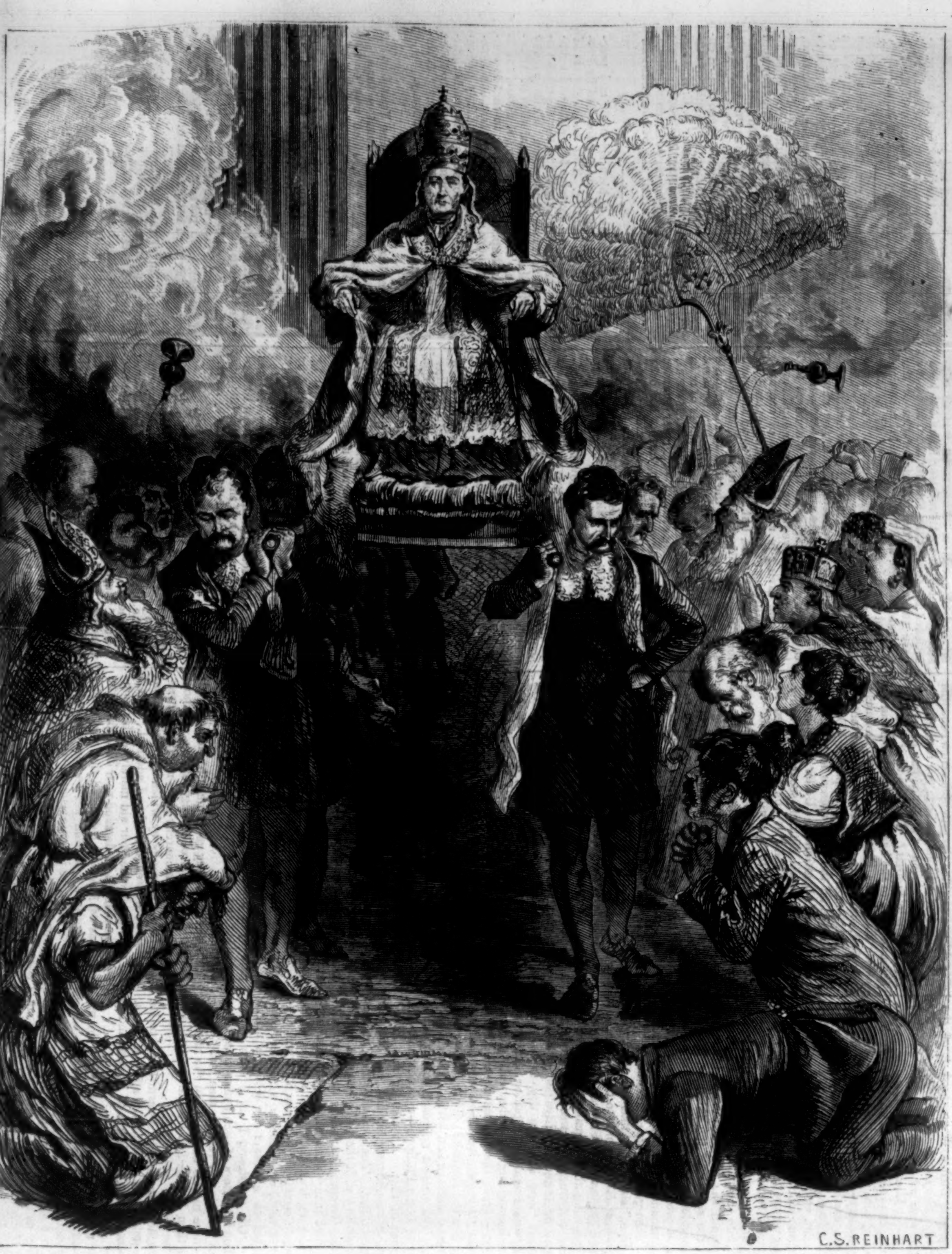
The annual salaries of the titular astronomers vary from six to eight thousand francs, those of the adjunct astronomers from thirty-five hundred to six thousand, and of the assistants from one thousand to thirty-five hundred. The *personnel* of the Observatory of Paris is named in the decree of the same date, Professor Leverrier being again placed at the head. His functions, however, as far as concerns the control of the force, are limited and largely dependent upon the consent of the council of the observatory. M. Stephan is named as director at Marseilles, and M. Marié-Davy director of the Meteorological Observatory at Montsouris.

A very important movement has been set on foot in England to promote the application of a portion of the vast income at the disposal of the old universities of Oxford and Cambridge to the promotion of scientific research, rather than, as it is now, in the form of fellowships given as a reward for literary or scientific excellence already attained, and involving no duties nor need for further work. It is maintained that the promotion of original research was one of the objects for which the universities were originally founded, but which has for long been almost entirely lost sight of. Among the prominent supporters of the movement are Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart.; Professor Rolleston; Professor Seeley; Rev. Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford; Dr. Carpenter; Dr. Burdon Sanderson, etc.

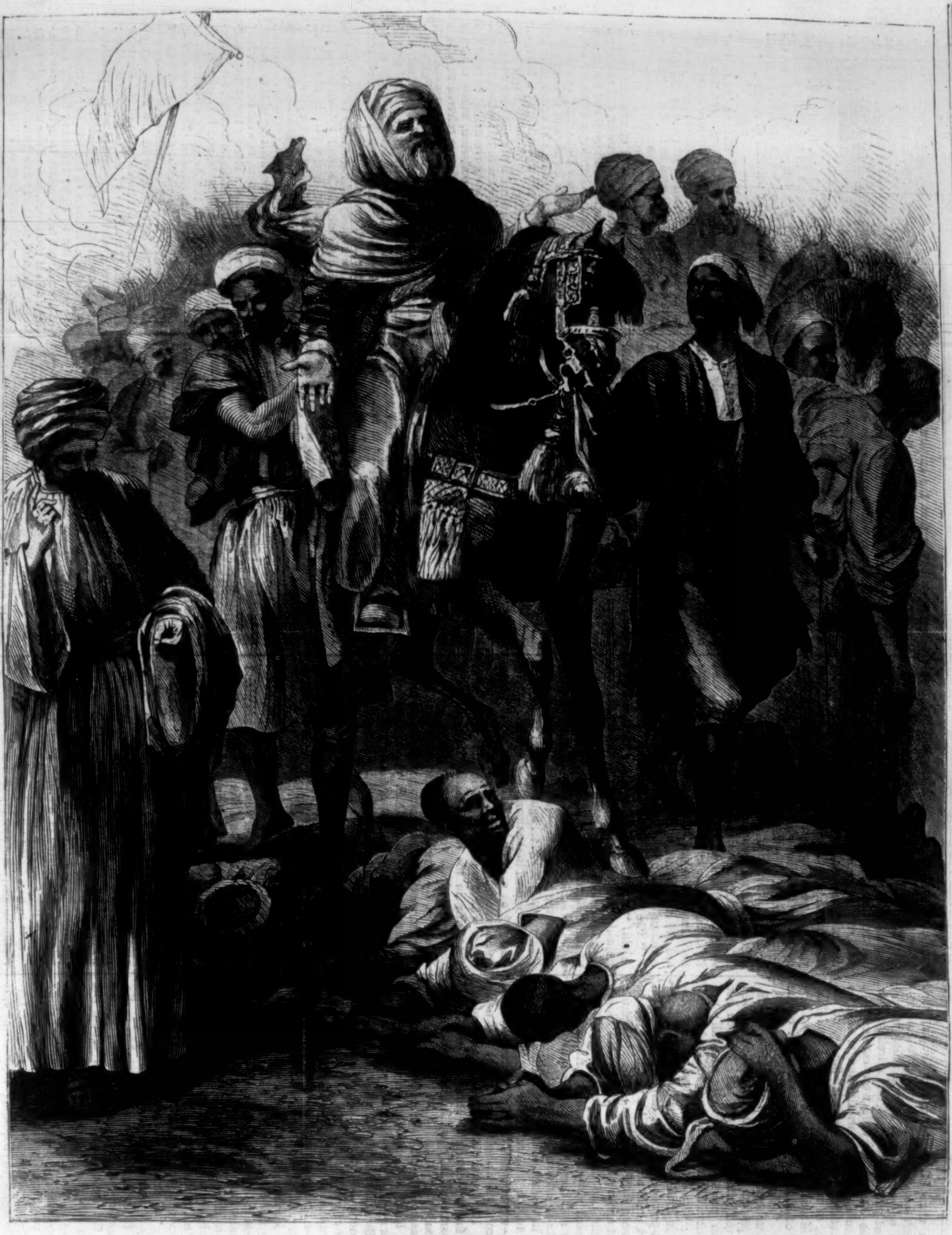
A new star atlas of high scientific and practical value has been recently published by Professor Heis, of Münster. This work consists of twelve sheets, and contains 5421 stars and nebulæ—*i. e.*, all that are visible to the sharpest vision in the northern hemisphere. While in many respects similar to the standard atlas of Argelander (his *Uranometria Nova*), it differs, and is perhaps an improvement on it, in that it contains many more of the fainter stars, and especially that the Milky Way is skillfully delineated, with all its variations of outline and brightness. Such an atlas becomes invaluable to those who interest themselves in the recently developed department of meteoric astronomy.

The Academy of Sciences of San Francisco has lately been the recipient of a donation from Mr. James Lick, of that city, which may or may not be of future moment. This consists of a lot of land on Market Street, east of St. Ignatius College, measuring 80 by 275 feet. The present is, however, coupled with the condition that the academy shall within three years secure the funds necessary to erect thereon a substantial three-story building, faced with granite, without encumbrance of debt, and to be devoted exclusively to the objects for which the society was organized. This is to be of classical architecture, and decorated with emblems of science. No part of the building is to be in any way used for political or religious purposes.

The plan of the building contemplates a library, museum, and lecture-room. The value of the lot is estimated at $150,000. It is stated that this same lot was previously presented to a beneficent institution with similar conditions, which it was unable to comply with, and the gift lapsed to the owner. We hope the Academy of Sciences may obtain the means of securing this property, although it is to be regretted that they will not be permitted, as was the case with the Academy of Sciences of Chicago, to devote the lower story of the building to stores, the rents of which would furnish a certain amount of endowment for the establishment.


C.S. REINHART

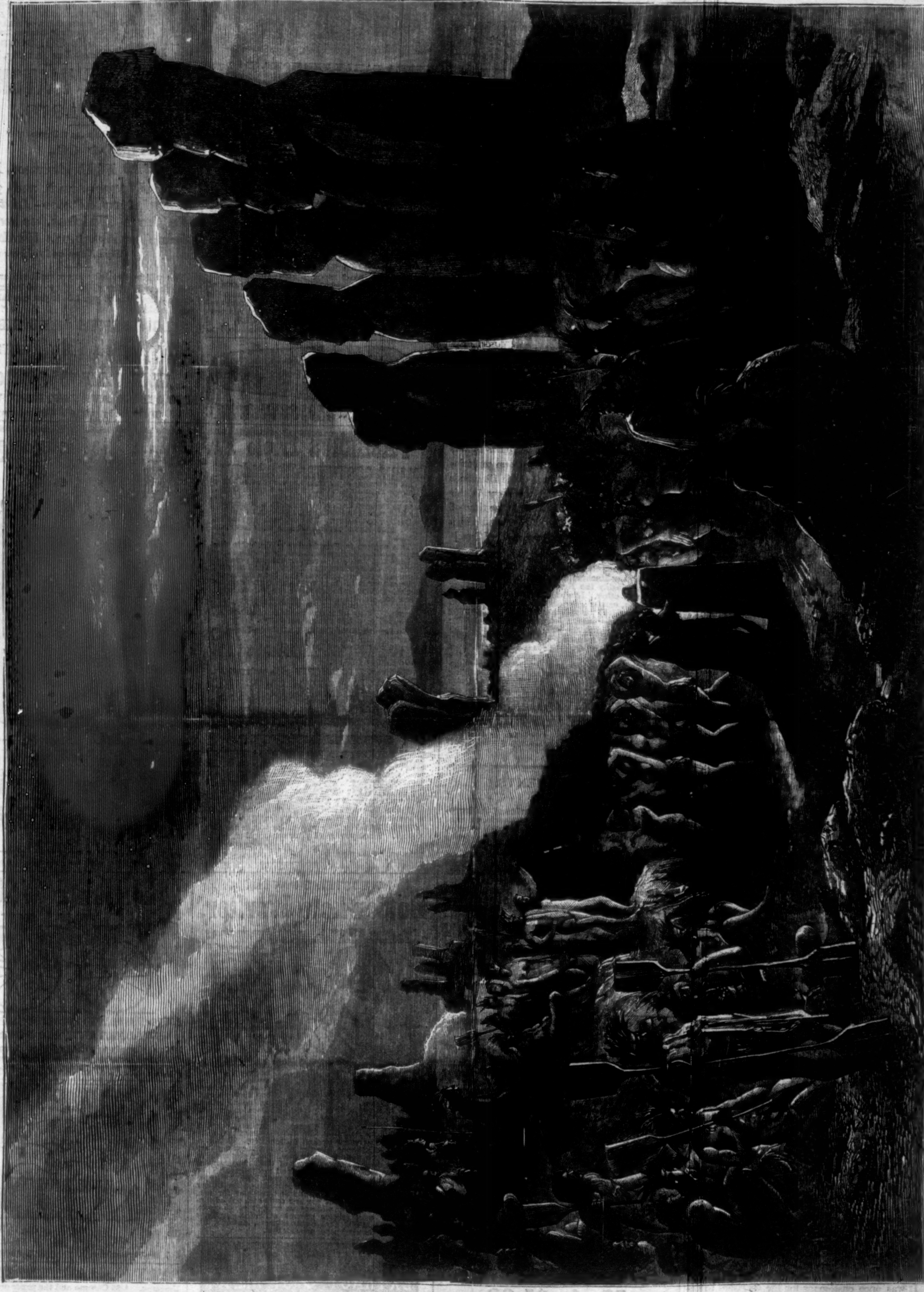
A ROMISH FESTIVAL.—[SEE PAGE 350.]



A MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVAL.—[SEE PAGE 350.]

IDOL FESTIVAL IN EASTER ISLAND.

M. Julian Viaud, an officer of the French frigate *Florida*, has published an interesting account of a recent exploration of Easter Island, in the Pacific Ocean. This island is rarely visited either by Americans or Europeans; but if M. Viaud's pen and pencil do not exaggerate, it lately possessed some of the most remarkable relics of an extinct race, civilization, and religion ever discovered in the New World. The *Florida* anchored off Easter Island one fine morning, and was immediately boarded by the captain of a whaling ship lying there, who informed the captain of the frigate that a Dane was living on the island, and that the native inhabitants numbered about five hundred, the Dane being the only European there. The captain of the whaler was accompanied by a native islander, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age; his slight, but well-proportioned figure was nearly nude, and tattooed in a very rude manner, the tattooing, consisting of broad straight lines interspersed with delineations of birds, so completely covering the body as nearly to conceal the original color of the skin. His lips were tattooed blue, and his face was disfigured by the application of a kind of red clay mixed with oil. In his dark, bushy hair were fastened plumes, quills, and tufts of feathers. His eyes were immoderately large, and had a soft, melancholy expression. His name was Pétéro. He did not remain long on board, but after entertaining the crew with several fantastic melodies, departed, accompanied by M. Viaud, who with him entered the skiff, and sailed toward the island. No sooner had these two landed on the beach than a crowd of tattooed savages issued from the smallest imaginable huts, brandishing shapeless grimacing idols, and spears pointed with flint. The natives immediately surrounded the officer, but evinced no signs of a hostile disposition. He noticed that they possessed a mild, timid expression of countenance, in spite of the rude tattooing, which imparted a fierce and malevolent aspect. The islanders, in turn, scanned the stranger with evident curiosity, and forming a circle around him, made gestures and demonstrations of a most extraordinary nature. They first poised their bodies in surprising attitudes, and chanted a plaintive, lugubrious melody. Suddenly the rhythm grew more animated, the languid tones changed to loud and harsh vociferations, and ended in a frantic, maniacal dance. No pictorial illustration could convey any but a faint idea of the scene. There was something in their movements incon-



IDOL FESTIVAL IN EASTER ISLAND.

ceivably wild and grotesque. They moved about, gesticulating wildly, and singing in an outlandish manner, with uncouth voices, modulated to suit savage ears. The wild songs were sometimes slow and solemn, then rapid and shrill, and as abruptly ended and all hushed.

Before returning to the frigate, the officer explored a large tumulus on the island. There, upraised above the dead, were mounds of stones like Gaelic cromlechs, tall monuments, and immense stone statues. One of the latter, which had fallen, measured twenty-seven feet long and eight feet across the breast and shoulders. Opposite the tumulus was a tiny spot of ground covered with a wreck of coral rock and thin transparent shells. This granulated mass was of well-defined whiteness, with the exception of a part which was beautifully variegated with a fine trituration of rose coral.

Previous to the execution of an act of vandalism purposed by the admiral of the frigate, M. Viaud revisited the tumulus, his purpose this time being to make crayon sketches of some of the enormous statues that were standing or lying on every side. This done, a detachment of officers and men were sent in the ship's boat to the island. It was proposed to overthrow the huge stone figures, demolish them, and transport the fragments to France. The officers and crew landed, and at the signal call marched to the place designated. On arriving there they at once commenced the work of destruction. An indescribable scene followed. The colossal pillars and statues were loosened from their foundations and broken into splinters. Crowds of natives assembled, and animated by the example set before them, they too displaced the images, leveled the monuments, and mutilated the statues of stone. At intervals the islanders would dance wildly about, at the same time making the place resound with savage yells. One native alone of the entire population stood grimly aloof, ruefully contemplating the scene. His hair was bristling with black, sombre plumes. It was the old chief of the island. An hour passed: every relic of antiquity lay prostrate on the ground. The detachment withdrew to the water's edge, carrying the splinters and fragments, which were to be transferred to the deck of the frigate.

A ROMISH FESTIVAL.

On the first day of Holy-Week the vast floor of St. Peter's, capable of holding 54,000 persons, is filled with a concourse of people from every quarter of the world, representing every class and condition of life. The gorgeous court attire of princes and nobles, the simple white bonnets of the Sisters of Charity, the brown robes of Franciscan monks, the black robes of the Dominicans, the purple and scarlet vestments of high ecclesiastics, the gay liveries of servants, soldiers in uniform, and peasants in homespun, goat-skin, and rags, all mingling together in one vast pageant.

After the distribution of palms the entry of Christ into Jerusalem is represented by a grand procession. A splendid chorus chants the story of that eventful scene. The procession is formed, and the Pope, borne on the shoulders of men, and surrounded by all that is brilliant and gorgeous, passes down the centre of the church, while the devout prostrate themselves on either side. All bear palms in their hands, from the Pope down to the most wretched beggar. The imposing train passes out of the church; but soon the voices of singers are heard again in the distance, announcing its entrance into the vestibule. The doors are closed, and a band of priests guard them within. The voices without chant the words, "Open the gates and let the King of Glory in!" Those within respond, "Who is this King of Glory?" At last the door is thrown open, and, as shown in our illustration on page 348, he who styles himself the representative of the King of Glory advances in triumph, while the chorus chants his praises.

A MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVAL.

Upon the return of the pilgrim bands from Mecca to Cairo is celebrated the "Mooled-é-nebbee," or birthday of Mohammed, which is also the anniversary of his death. The festival was instituted in the year 1588. It takes place in the early part of the month of June, and lasts from the third to the eleventh day.

Upon the last day of the festival occurs the greatest and most solemn spectacle, called the "Dóseh," or "Treading," shown in our illustration on page 348. After the noonday prayers, the Sheik of Saadéeh, who has passed the previous night repeating prayers and passages from the Koran, rides to the house of the principal sheik of all the dervishes of Egypt, which is situated in that part of Cairo called Ezbrkeéh. In the course of this ride he is joined by numerous dervishes, belonging to different districts, each district being represented by a pair of flags. When the procession approaches the house of the principal sheik, many of the dervishes cast themselves face downward upon the ground, side by side, in front of the horse, their arms folded under their foreheads. This done, other dervishes run over the bodies of their prostrate brethren, and then the sheik approaches, his horse led by dervishes, and rides over the prostrate bodies, while the crowd fills the air with loud cries of "Allah!" Many persons receive serious injury during this ceremony. It was once customary for the dervishes to devour live snakes during the progress of the procession, and also at the house of their principal sheik; but this disgusting part of the festival has been abolished.

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DIAMONDS.

While there are natural differences as decided, if not as deep, between the Diamonds found in one part of the world and those found in another as between the races of men which find them, the differences produced in Diamonds by the workmanship of those who cut and polish them are quite as extraordinary. It is really worth while to inspect a good collection of Diamonds, such as one finds for instance in the hands of Messrs. Starr & Marcus, 22 John St. (up stairs), were it only on this account. Perhaps the finest stone, though by no means the largest, now to be seen there, is a perfect (a literally perfect) brilliant, the range of which—and by the range we mean what Shakespeare means when he makes Lorenzo bid Jessica observe "how far yon little candle throws his beam"—is simply astonishing. This is a very pure, flawless, and naturally perfect stone. But it owes its rare splendor and force of fire to the skill of the Diamond-cutter. After the time of Cardinal Mazarin, who was passionately fond of Diamonds, and by whose protection seventy-five Diamond-cutters were established in Paris, the art went to Amsterdam. There, down to three or four years ago, fifteen-sixteenths of the Diamonds produced in the world were cut. This industry has now passed over in part to London—and we have Diamond-cutters even here in New York. It is an art requiring the finest skill and most accurate judgment. The best cutter can not safely predict what sort of stone a given rough Diamond will prove to be. He may have to split it, splinter it, single cut it. The aim of a true artist is not weight, but brilliancy and lustre, and genius tells in this as in all other arts. The double-cutting, which is now the favorite form, was invented by a man of genius in this line, an Italian at Venice, Peruzzi, two centuries ago; and it is a curious fact that the Diamonds called "Old English," which were cut in this way by English pupils of Peruzzi in the time of Charles II. and James II., still command a high price. They are, however, very rare.—[*Com.*]

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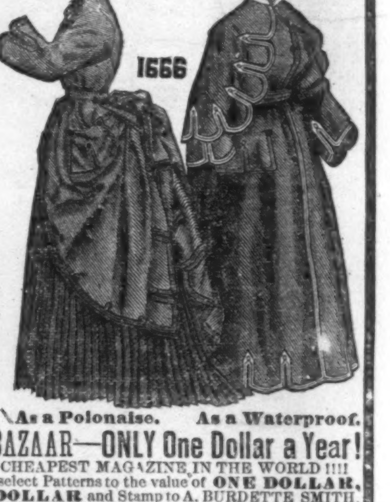

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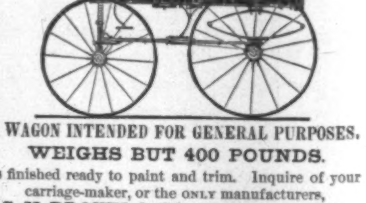

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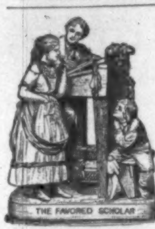

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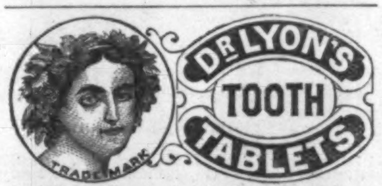

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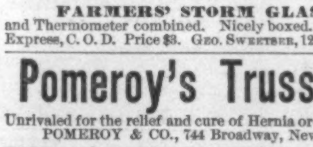

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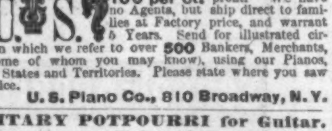
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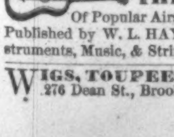

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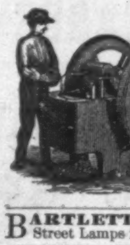

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I respectfully ask all to read this circular carefully, and candidly consider what I propose as a matter of business. Before making known my terms, permit me to state that the matter of washing clothes is one of no small consideration; it is something which concerns every family and every individual. It is but *recent* since **Hand Washing** was in common use. Latterly, however, the inventive genius of the country has been directed to the invention of various devices by which much of the labor, drudgery, loss of time, and wear of material might be obviated. Ponderous as well as intricate Washing Machines have been constructed—many of which are decided improvements over the old method of washing—and these machines have been very salable. People will continue to have Washing Machines; but let me ask you if the STEAM WASHER can be constructed for a few dollars (much less than any ordinary Washing Machine), and enable all to wash by steam without labor, loss of time, without wearing of clothing, &c., is it not reasonable to suppose that it will supersede, in a great measure, all the Washing Machines now in common use? The sale of the Washer is unparalleled, and *must* be so. There is nothing like it in use. It is new, and every family needs it, and will buy it. I wish to secure a few good men to sell rights for me, and in order to secure as many as I need *immediately*, I offer extra inducements. My price for territory is $9 per 1000 inhabitants; but if you will buy a single county, and agree to sell rights for me, I will allow you to deduct 66⅔ per cent. as your commission; consequently your county would cost you but $75 instead of $225, should it contain but 25,000 inhabitants, more or less in the same proportion. And to those buying rights, I will sell Washers at nearly cost; and to those not buying rights, I will furnish Washers at $60 per dozen; and bear in mind, I will sell to no one except a single dozen, until he first buys the right to a county. Any tinner can make the Washer as well as they are made here, and save the cost of transportation. Remember that by purchasing the right of a single county, you shall have the privilege of selling any county or State for me; and upon application I will forward the deed to you by Express for any territory which you have sold for me, provided that said territory is not already disposed of when I receive your order. I make all the deeds, so there can be no mistakes. The amount you will have to pay me is simply $3 per 1000 inhabitants, in any County or State. I shall make these *very liberal* offers to a limited number, and for a short time only; after which I shall sell at my regular price—$9 per 1000.

Many of my patrons have requested me to suggest the best method of selling the **Steam Washer,** in order to make the most money in the shortest time. In reply, I would say there are many methods which might be suggested, all of which seem to work well, but the most prominent of which I will suggest: In the first place, send for a sample and carefully test it. You will learn by a single trial how to wash with it successfully. All you have to do now is to exhibit it to others. I will suggest that you make an engagement to *wash* at a certain place, at an appointed hour; manage to have as many present as possible. You will be astonished at the intense excitement it will produce after the water and steam have rushed through the tubes and foamed over the clothing, rushing back through the clothing to the lower bottom to be suddenly returned again in the same manner—say for thirty minutes—you take out the clothing, rinse, and wring out, and find the clothing perfectly clean. You will find all perfectly delighted with it.

You can take orders from nine in ten present, to be filled afterward, at $10 each. A single trial in this manner will satisfy you that the **Steam Washer** is a success and will sell. You should lose no time in ordering a deed for your county, to be sent by express, C. O. D., if not convenient to advance the money. You should continue to take orders, and by the time your deed would come to hand you might have a gross sold. You should arrange with a tinner to make the Washers—the price will vary according to style and finish. I have known some agents to sell as many as twenty Washers in a day. After you have introduced it more or less in your County, you can take another County, and rest assured that whenever you get a single Washer into a neighborhood it will sell many more. Consequently, after you have sold a few hundred in a County, you can sell the right of your County for much more than at the start. You can calculate what your gains will be by buying a single County, but this is not a tenth part what you ought to make, for while you are traveling you will meet with many men who want to make money, to whom you can sell rights. There is no business you can engage in which offers such splendid inducements, besides it is a safe business, no loss, and pleasant because it renders perfect satisfaction. I can not see how I can propose better terms. Should I allow my patrons to make their own terms, I scarcely believe they could make better terms for themselves, and make more money.

On the receipt of **Five Dollars** I will ship you a complete Washer, as a sample, together with a Certificate of Agency, with full instructions how to conduct the business. And upon the receipt of the Washer you may have time to test it, and if you find it not as represented I will refund your money. The Washers retail at $10. After I send you a sample I will hold your County a reasonable time for you to decide whether you wish to purchase or not. I will furnish blank deeds, and will do all I can to enable you to succeed in the business. Let me hear from you soon, or your choice of territory may be taken by some one else.

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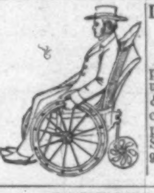

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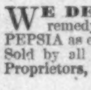

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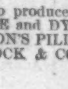

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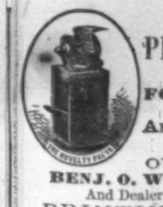

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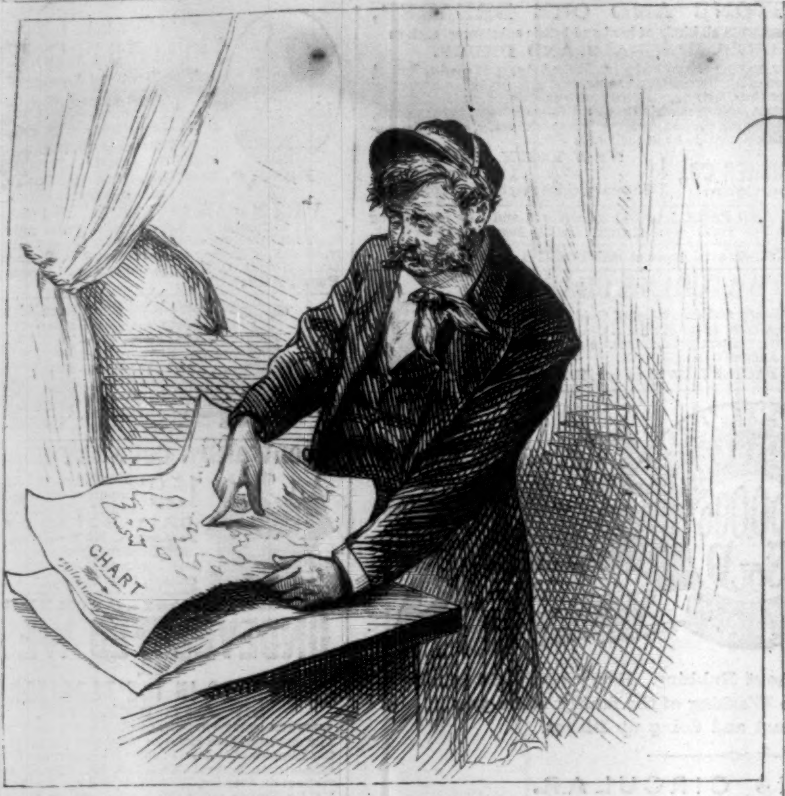

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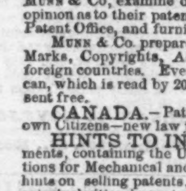

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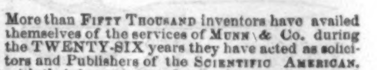

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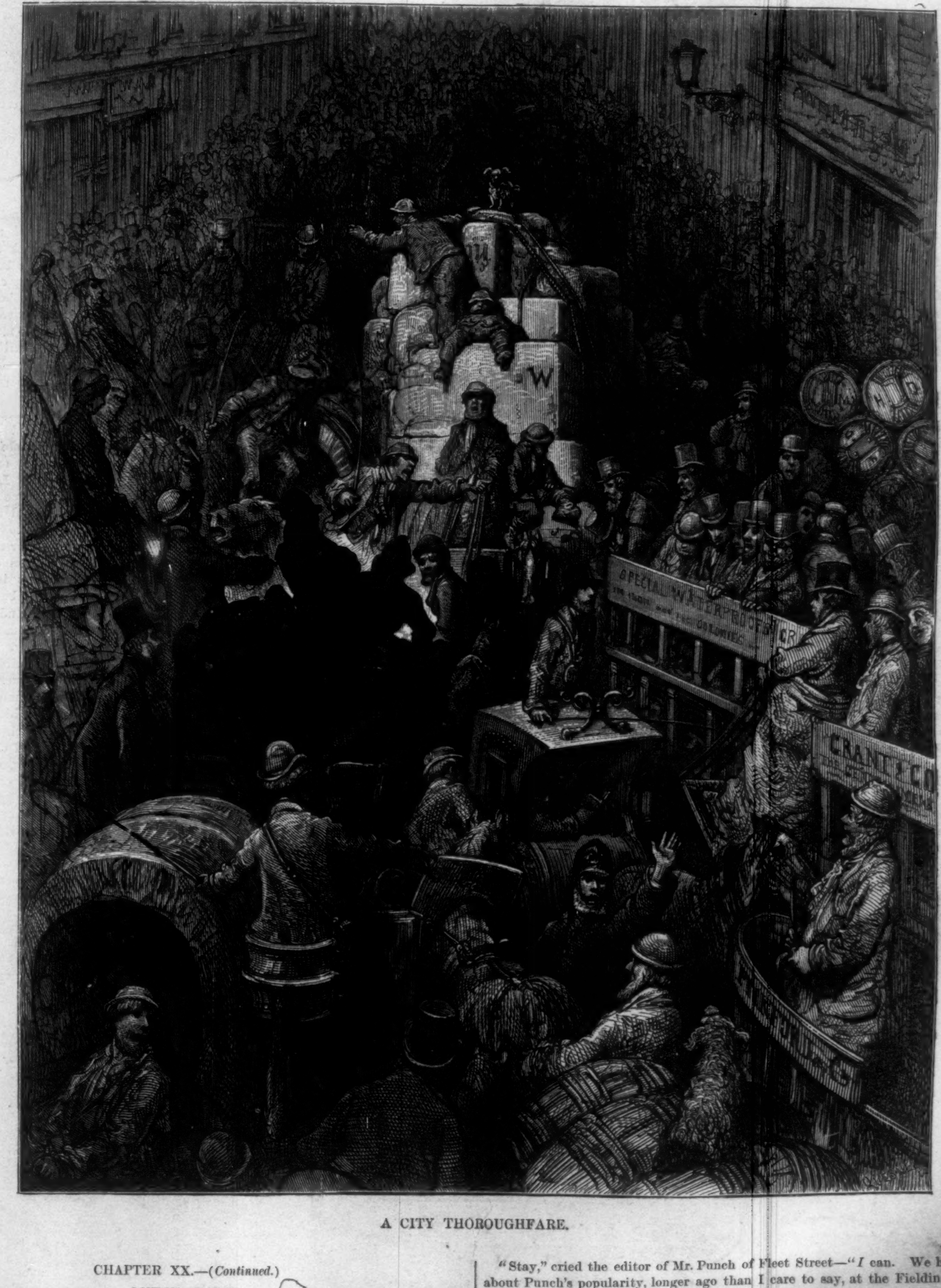
A CHISWICK FÊTE.
A RIVER-SIDE STREET.



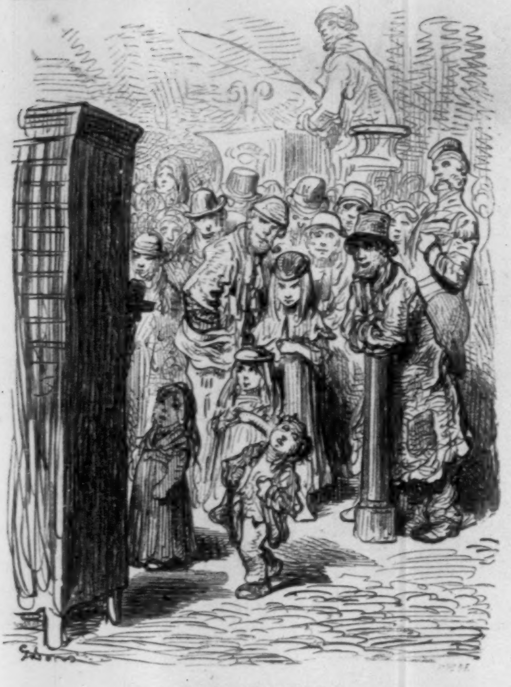
A CITY THOROUGHFARE.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

LONDON AT PLAY.

THE Pilgrims held a conversation one day, at a little breakfast in my library, on the unflagging renown of Punch of the streets—of Punch the unconquerable vagabond. Nobody could remember an occasion when Mr. Punch's performance had fallen flat.

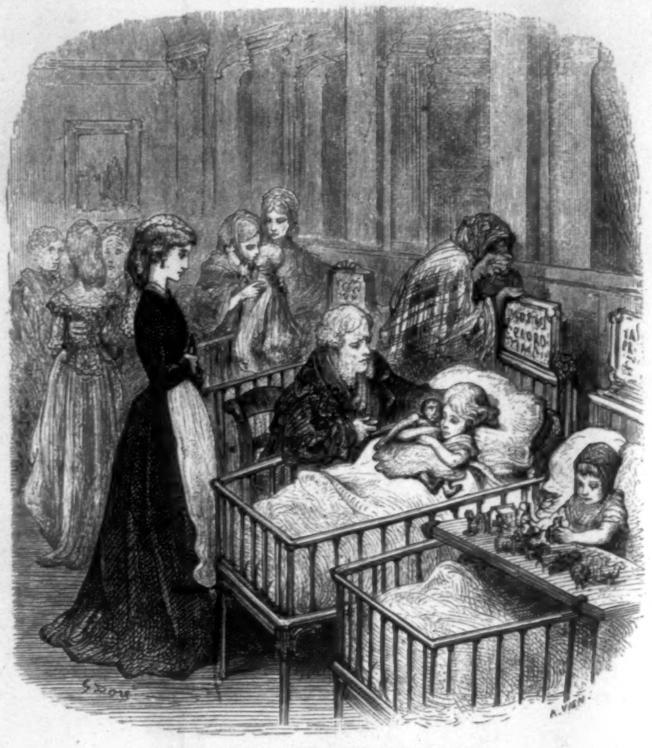
"Stay," cried the editor of Mr. Punch of Fleet Street—"*I* can. We had been talking about Punch's popularity, longer ago than I care to say, at the Fielding Club. In our enthusiasm we agreed to bring him, drum and pipes and all, into the club smoking-room one evening, and have him all to ourselves over our cigars. The night came: the room was crowded with a great company of men who knew how to laugh, and who had made up their minds to have a merry time of it. The show was as good as



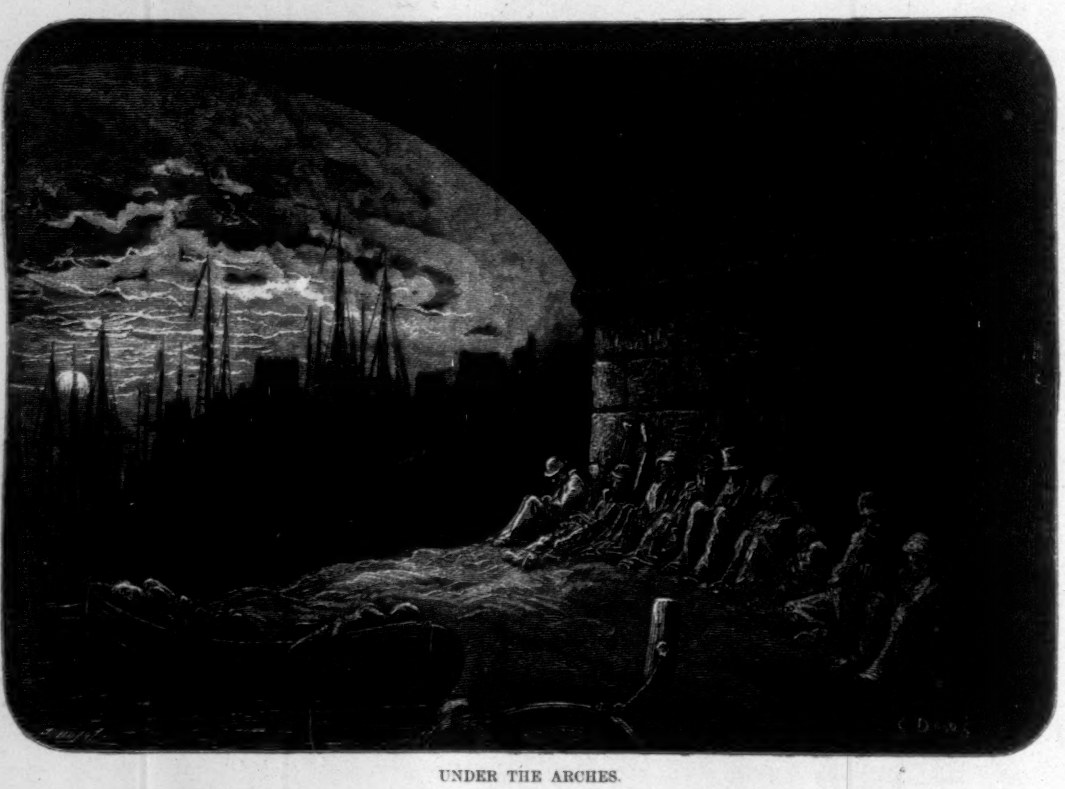
PUNCH AND JUDY.

I have ever seen in the streets. Swift action of the puppets; a capital Toby, with a face of admirably profound melancholy; such a performer on the pipes! such a drum! But it was a dead failure: the very dreariest night I can remember. We couldn't—and we tried hard—get up the smallest laugh."

Yet surely he is the very merriest fellow—the truest benefactor—that has ever paced the hard streets of London! We should call blessings down upon the man who wakes those shrill pipes, and sounds the rub-a-dub that quickens the pulses of the infant poor—of this ragged nurse of nakedness, dreaming in the street. He is comedy, farce, and extravaganza to his audiences—Shakspeare and Molière, Morton and Planché. Many strangers with whom I have lingered over the great street comedy have surveyed the tiers of pale faces, from the babes pushed to the front to the working men and women in the rear, and have exclaimed that it was a terrible sight. Laughter sounded unnatural from the colorless lips. To take the cause of this smile from them, because there are fastidious ears which shrink at the sharpness of the street pipes, would be a downright cruelty and shame.



INFANT HOSPITAL PATIENTS.



UNDER THE ARCHES.

CHAPTER XXI.

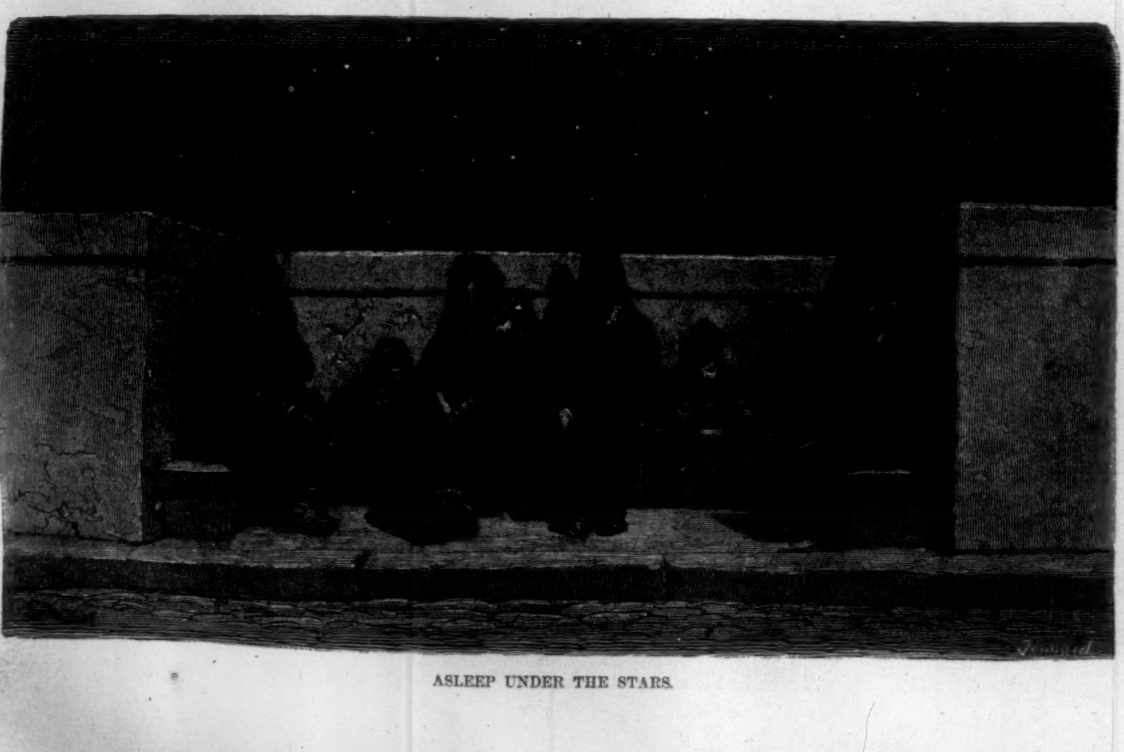
LONDON CHARITY.

CHARITY knocks at nearly every household door in this, England's capital, and is not turned away empty-handed from many.

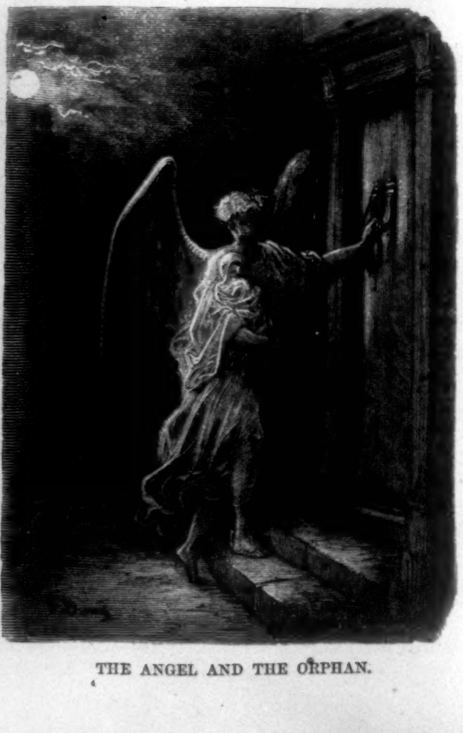
The aged, the orphan, the halt, the blind, of London, would fill an ordinary city. When the struggle for life is so severe as it is in England in the happiest times, the wounded and disabled and invalided must be in considerable numbers. The metropolitan charities attest, by their income and various forms, the zeal with which the Rich come to the side of the wounded in the fight. The fancy fair links the pleasures of fashionable folk with the comfort of the helpless poor. Indeed, pleasure is allied with charity in a hundred forms in a London season. See the crowd—composed of representatives of all classes—who wait at the gates of Marlborough House on a fine evening in June. The Prince is coming forth *en route* for Willis's, or the Freemason's, or the London Tavern, on one of those missions of Charity which were the delight of Albert the Good, and have become among the most valued inheritances of his son. Among those who make their obeisances to him as he passes are many for whose comfort he will help to secure the *obolus* to-night.

Subscription lists display the open-handedness of all who have money, when a pressing occasion or a noble action calls forth the latent charity of the most commercial of races. And so the destinies of the multitude are connected with the aspirations of the Christian; some of the spare riches that flow from work and trade are drawn back to the young who have been left alone before they could join the ranks of labor, and to the denuded invalids in whom there is no more work.

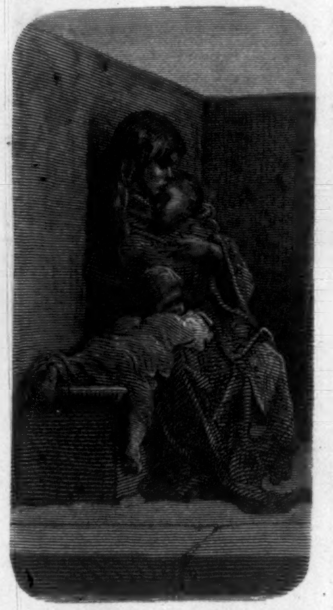
Our charities of hard, serious, trading London, where the deadly will to win is printed upon the Cockney face in lines that abash and distress the stranger, are the noblest of any city on the face of the earth. London spends the revenue of many a Continental State on the unfortunate within her gates. Her wisdom in the distribution of her abundant alms is very much disputed; but her liberality is, beyond compare, the most copious of any known community. No single fact more forcibly illustrates the enormous trade of London than the million sterling which the metropolitan pocket disgorges at the call of charity. Hospitals, refuges, orphanages, soup-kitchens, retreats kept for the old by heroic Little Sisters of the Poor, offer us studies of our time that are so many silken threads woven through society. Upon this ground all classes meet and shake hands.



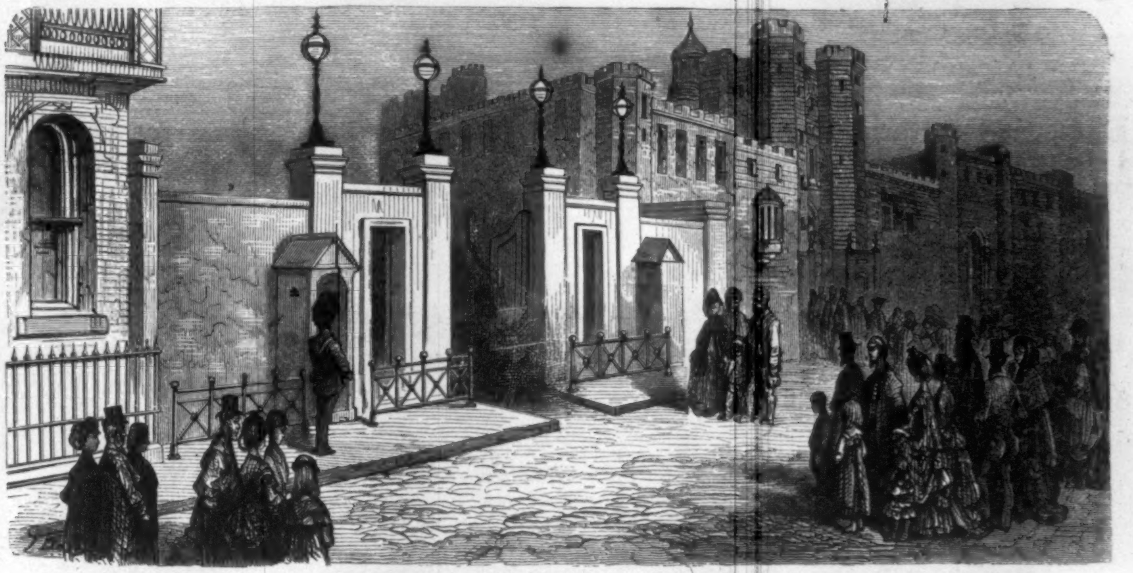
ASLEEP UNDER THE STARS.



THE ANGEL AND THE ORPHAN.



A COLD RESTING-PLACE.



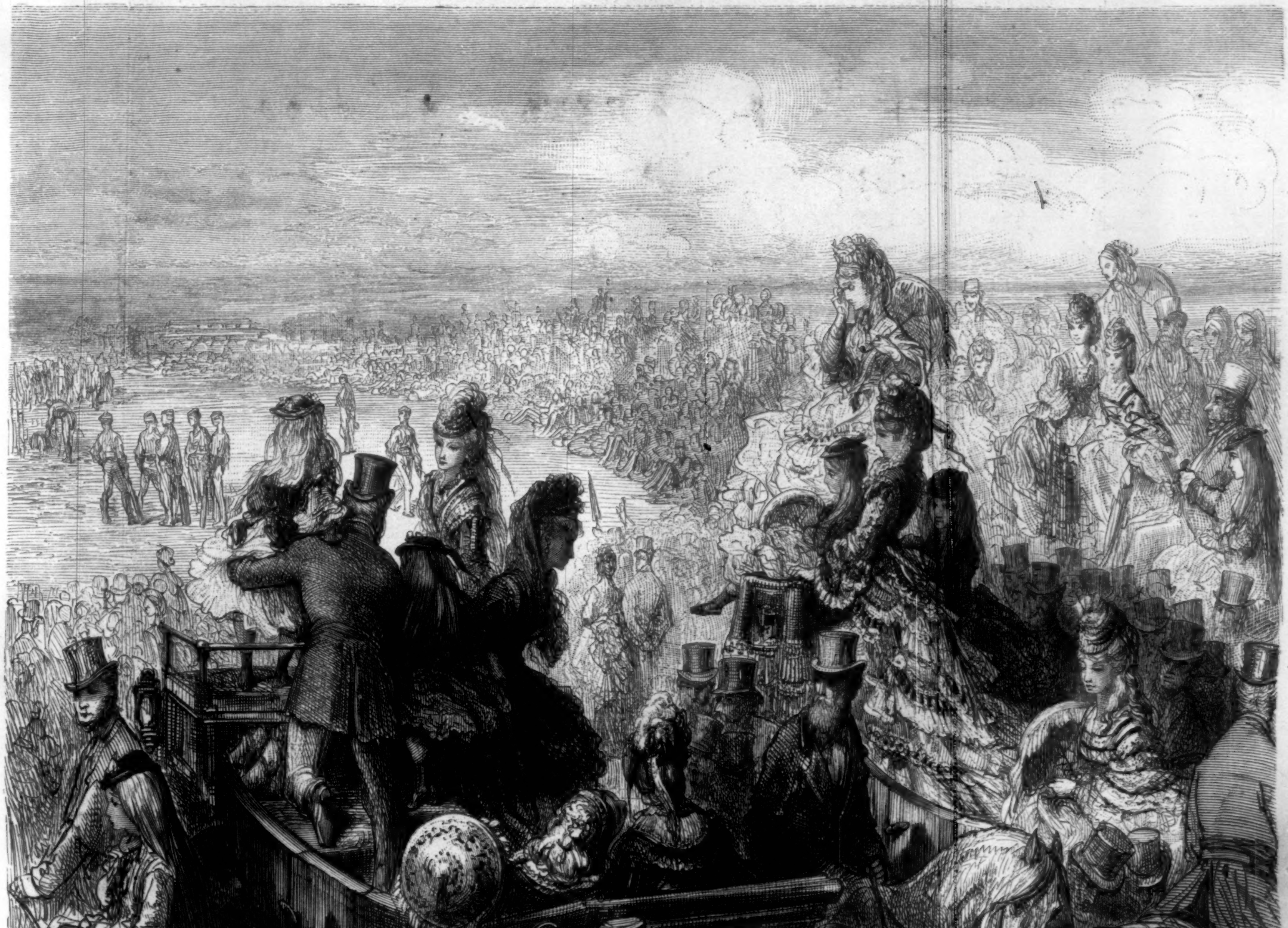
MARLBOROUGH HOUSE—EXPECTING THE PRINCE.

Beyond compare the oddest, and at the same time the most popular, form of alms-collecting known in London is that systematically adopted by the hospital, asylum, and benevolent fund managers, viz., the charity dinner. One of Molière's heroes has said,

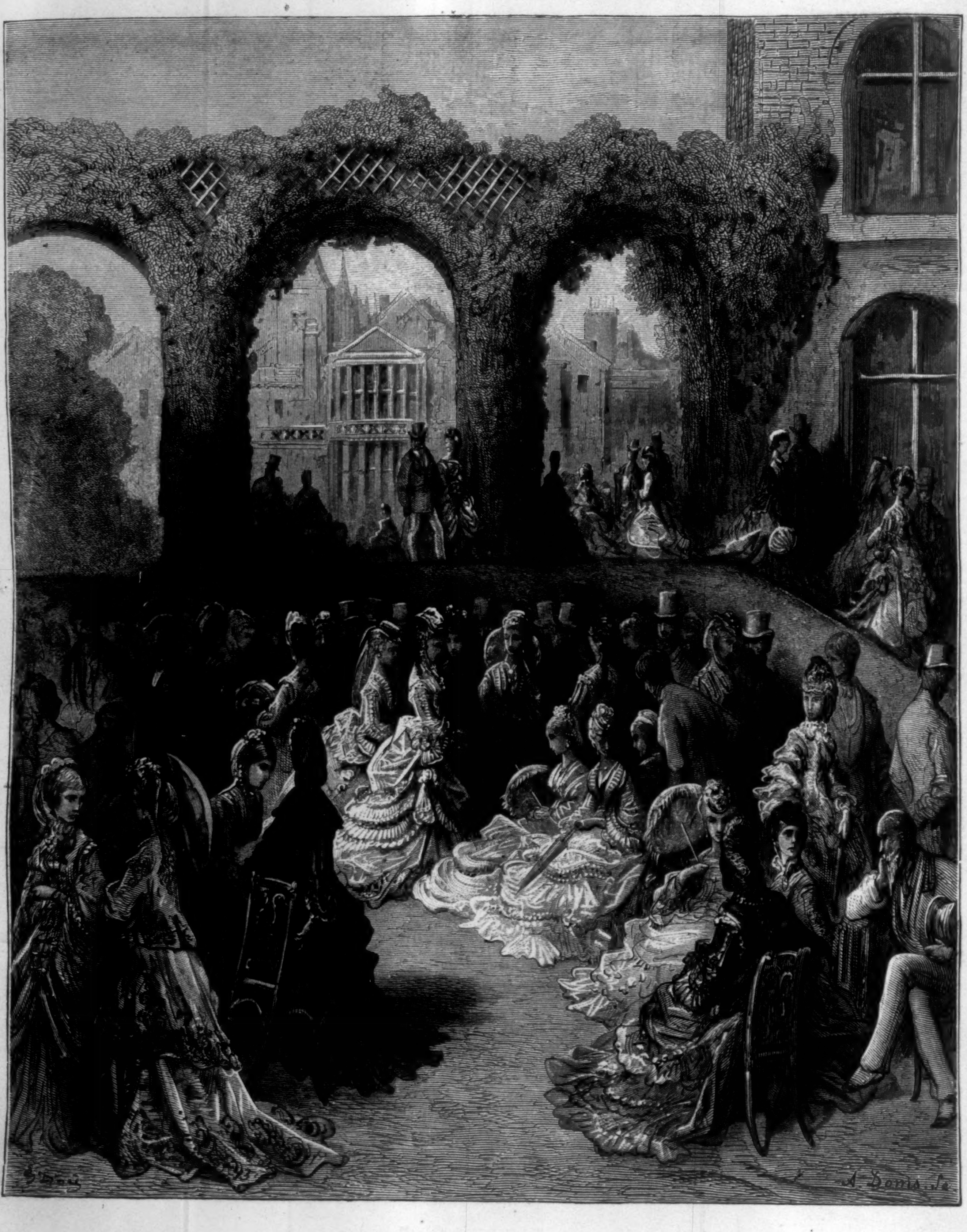
> "Tout se fait en dînant dans le siècle où nous sommes,
> Et c'est par les dîners qu'on gouverne les hommes."

Twelve and fifteen hundred pounds are often coaxed from the pockets of a hundred and fifty gentlemen after a dinner at the London Tavern, the Freemason's, or Willis's Rooms. The appetite, for alms-giving at any rate, comes with eating. It would be absurd to ask a man for a subscription while he is waiting for his dinner: but he beams at the bare suggestion—his own inner man being satisfied. You have feasted him—he is your slave, and he becomes a free agent again only when he has completed the process of digestion. "Feast won—fast lost," was Shakspeare's warning; acting on which the wary hospital governors bow to the diner, and lay before him the plight of the poor sick, while he tastes his first olive, and catches the early fire of the ruby light of his wine. That the plan is broadly based on human nature, the "thirty thousand dinners" which have been eaten in the name of charity in Bishopsgate Street and by Long Acre are good evidence.

The why the diners give let us not too narrowly seek to know; above all, let us not inquire in a cynical mood. An enormous sum of suffering is hereby relieved; thousands of children are housed, fed, and put out in the world. The widow has a smart little cottage placed at her disposal. To the artist whom misfortune has overtaken is given peace of mind and patience till his hand shall no longer refuse the old cunning. To the working servant of letters is afforded a staff while he is lame. To the actor who has gladdened many hours for his overworked countrymen, the assurance of a roof for his old age is extended. But if I were seeking the arguments that most generously should recommend the methods by which London charities are supported, I would quote the words which Dickens and Thackeray, Disraeli and Lord Lytton, have



LORD'S.


G. Doré
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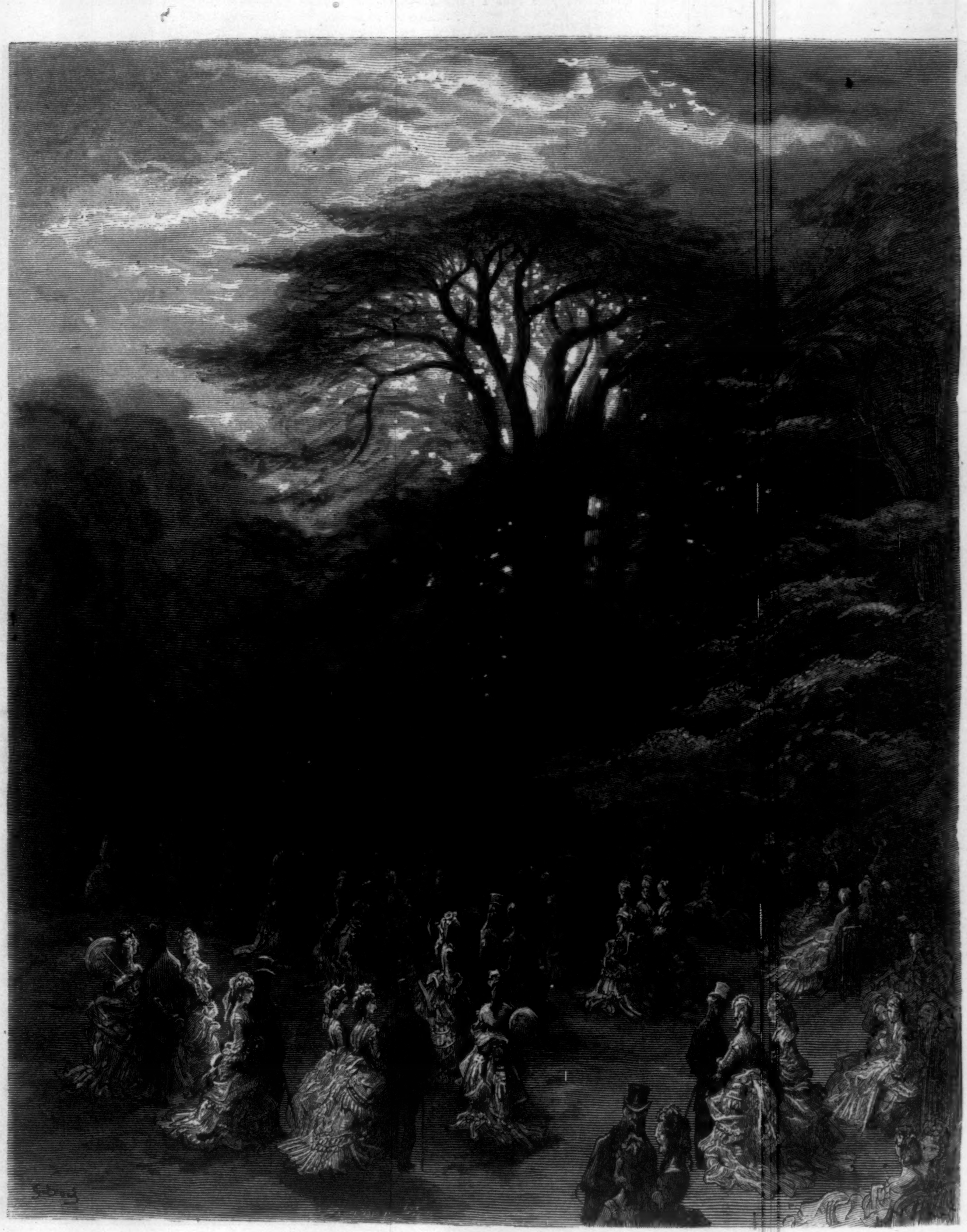
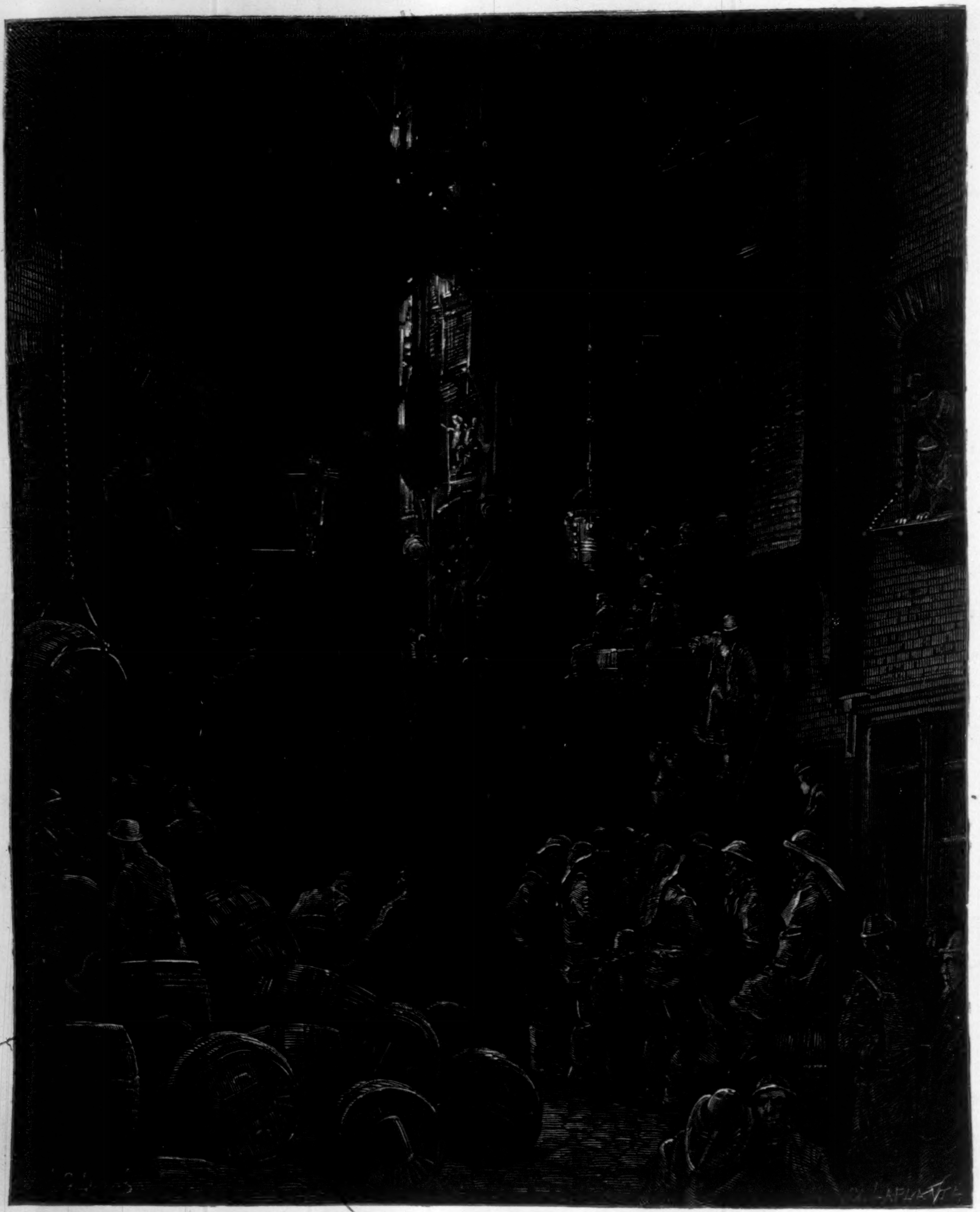
HOLLAND HOUSE—A GARDEN PARTY.



A CHISWICK FÊTE.

spoken at public festivals on the institutions the interests of which have been committed to their charge. "How like," said Thackeray at the Literary Fund dinner of 1852, "British charity is to British valor! It always must be well fed before it comes into action! We see before us a ceremony of this sort which Britons always undergo with pleasure. There is no tax which the Briton pays so cheerfully as the dinner tax. Every man here, I have no doubt, who is a little acquainted with the world, must have received, in the course of the last month, a basketful of tickets inviting him to meet in this place for some purpose or other. We have all rapped upon this table, either admiring the speaker for his eloquence, or, at any rate, applauding him when he sits down. We all of us know—we have had it a hundred times—the celebrated flavor of the old Freemason's mock-turtle, and the celebrated Freemason's sherry; and if I seem to laugh at the usage, the honest, good old English usage, of eating and drinking, which brings us all together for all sorts of good purposes, do not suppose that I laugh at it any more than I would at good old honest John Bull, who has under his good, huge, boisterous exterior a great deal of kindness and goodness at the heart of him! Our festival may be compared with such a person; men meet here and shake hands; kind hearts grow kinder over the table; and a silent almoner issues forth from it, the festival over, and gratifies poor people, and relieves the suffering of the poor, which would never be relieved but for your kindness. So that there is a grace that follows after your meat, and sanctifies it."



A RIVER-SIDE STREET.

Dickens, on fifty occasions, spoke as tenderly and becomingly. Moreover, he had a witching tongue that struck direct to men's hearts, so that he was esteemed through his lifetime the prince of charity-dinner speakers. How he pleaded the cause of the poor actor, making the women's laughter ripple from their lips while the tears streamed from their eyes: but above and before all how he spoke for the sick poor children! The authorities in Great Ormond Street will tell any body who may inquire how his gallant and righteous spirit—how the warming light of his genius—plays about the cradles where the little ones lie. I can still catch the echoes of those tremulous tones in which he who created Tiny Tim, and melted the world's heart over the death of little Dombey, pleaded for the sick and destitute children, conjuring the men at the tables round about him to think of the weeping mothers by the hospital cots, then of their own happy little ones at home, and then of the sick child fretting for lack of healing care and wholesome sustenance. Oratory was never sweeter nor more persuasive than this, and never fell from human lips pleading a holier cause. London does not include within its spacious bound a more touching scene than that of the Hospital for Sick Children, nor a purer charity than that which covers helpless infancy. And so I close our pilgrimage at a sick baby's cot.

London boasts something like a hundred hospitals, a hundred homes and refuges for the houseless, fifty orphan asylums, over twenty institutions for the blind and deaf and dumb, fourteen for the relief of discharged prisoners, eighteen penitentiaries for fallen women, five asylums for incurables, over forty homes and institutions for poor sailors, and nearly twenty for soldiers; twelve charitable institutions for the benefit of poor Jews, and between thirty and forty relief societies for the clergy. Emigration, a dole for debtors, help to needle-women, assistance to those most deplorable of creatures, friendless gentlewomen; comfort for unemployed nurses, protection for oppressed women, care for the insane, are among the objects for which Charity puts forth her white hand in our midst. Her gentle wings are spread over every conceivable human misfortune—over the brute as well as the human. The casual observer in our streets would hardly believe it, for they swarm with wretched children, covered with black rags, barefooted and bare-headed—with claws for hands, and with voices hard and harsh as those of coster-mongers.

We are in the receiving-room of a night refuge—the home of the ragged scholars whom Lord Shaftesbury has befriended—of the wild young clients of the devoted City missionaries. A worn-out, prostrate Arab—a baby in years—has been dragged in from the wintry streets. His face is livid yellow; his lips are black; and when they uncover him, we see how hard the world has been to the little heart. His infant fellow-sufferers look on, while he lies upon an old man's knees, and one of the officials (the outer world does not know how gentle and compassionate these poorly paid servants of the poor are, as a rule) pours out a restorative. Another officer gently puts his hands upon the backs of the boys, and leads them from the invalid. Such scenes, upon which my eyes have been led to fall so often—I hope not uselessly—lift the heart almost to the throat. The strong man in suffering is one thing; the ill-treated woman is another; but children like this, when they open their eyes, stab you with the thanks that beam in their young looks. You stand a criminal before them—as *particeps criminis* in the fiendish blows the world has struck upon them, lying cradleless upon the bare stones.

The thanks of this nearly lifeless waif make the grace that, in Thackeray's words, sanctifies the meat we eat in the name of charity.

My companion picture to this of the wounded Arab of our streets should be taken among the Little Sisters of the Poor, who beg broken victuals from street to street, and carry them to a home which they keep for aged men and women. John Selden has said: "Charity to strangers is enjoined in the Text. By strangers is there understood those that are not of our own kin, Strangers to your Blood, not those you can not tell whence they come; that is, be charitable to your Neighbors whom you know to be honest poor People." But the Little Sisters of the Poor interpret charity in a larger sense than this. The helpless, roofless aged are to them neighbors all, and within the measure of their utmost means they gather them to a comfortable fold. I have passed through their quiet realm—where the broken crusts of the poor are the banquet of the givers, and every living-room in which is an antechamber of Death. The Little Sisters, who have forsaken the pleasures of the world to wait as unpaid servants at the couch of destitute Age, are the Grace Darlings of a perpetual storm—heroines with hourly need for courage. Fearlessly they penetrate the lowest of our streets to snatch an old man from death on the bare boards. Their trim green carts, which they drive through noisy London—seldom observed and seldom understood—stop at hotel and restaurant, and other doors, where they have promises of scraps. The crumbs that fall from rich men's tables into their baskets are indeed not wasted.

Writers on the charities of London have never dwelt sufficiently on the services of the voluntary agents who give more than money in charity. Yet when we take the teachers of the ragged children of London as an instance of devotion to the cause of the poor, we can not but be struck with the immense sum of spontaneous and gratuitous service that is at the disposal of the unfortunate. Three thousand unpaid teachers, Lord Shaftesbury tells us—nearly all of them being hard workers through the day—yield the ease of their evenings to the instruction of street Arabs. In order fully to understand the patience and courage that are necessary to the vocation of the Ragged School teacher, the reader must have spent at any rate a few hours in a ragged school. He must have given considerable spans of time to the examination of the Industrial Schools, the training ships, the Shoeblack Brigades, the City Mission halls, the refuges, and the rescue societies, before he can pretend to estimate the numbers of the noble army of servants of the poor who operate within the boundaries of London.

I have come upon these Christian martyrs in the service of suffering humanity in every corner of the metropolis: sitting at a poor dying lad's bedside in the House of Charity in Soho Square; soothing a convict's last moments in the floating infirmary off Woolwich Dock-yard; saying cheering words to prisoners; conducting the amusements of shoe-blacks; romping with beggars' babes in a Ratcliffe *crèche;* teaching the destitute blind boy his letters; and sowing smiles through a Cripples' Home.

London is all too charged with misery. The mighty capital comprehends whole townships of the almost hopeless poor. You step out of the Strand into Drury Lane or Bedfordbury; out of Regent Street by the East into the slums of the shirtless; out of the Royal Exchange into Petticoat Lane; nay, out of the glittering halls of Parliament into the Alsatia that—diminished, but not destroyed—lies, a shame and scandal, behind Westminster Abbey. The Devil's Acre skirts the Broad Sanctuary. But a great hospital faces St. Stephen's, and sits, a comely presence by the river-side, within the shadow of the Lollard's Tower. The silver fringes are deepening from day to day round the cloud whereon we have traced the acuteness of London misery. We have marked at every step humble heroes and heroines at work to lessen it. English charity takes, in many instances, what our neighbors call *bizarre* forms; but then it appears in so many strange places. Its silver cords travel through the gay season.

She wears no mournful mien who presides at the stall of a fancy fair. See that most popular of princesses at work, serving out refreshments to gentlemen—in the name of charity. The cynic passes, and cries that it is all vanity. But surely here is good heart speaking in every gesture and every glance; light heart too, if you will. Shall the Boys' Home, for the bread-and-butter fund of which her Royal Highness deigns to make tea, reject the grace because it is tendered from the heart of Vanity Fair? Surely it is better—for the givers—that they should warm their festivals with the light of charity to their poor neighbors than that they should indulge in empty pleasures, unmingled with a single good purpose. Lady Greensleeves is bent on making the conquest of all eyes with that latest achievement Madame Elise of the dainty hand has sent her from the Rue Richelieu; and there is not a thought for the palsied ward which her wiles and Berlin wool are helping to rear. Granted. But let us keep Lady Greensleeves in humor; for, whether with her serious good-will or lacking it, the corner-stone will have a coin or two of her getting in its cavity.

I remember a story of a supporter of a great Orphan Asylum, who was in the habit of giving a heavy sum yearly, and of hiding himself behind a screen while the chairman read out his name. I have no doubt the man was a sham Samaritan; that he was vain and hard at home; that he was a niggard to his poor relations; and wrangled with his wife every week over the cost of the housekeeping. But what good is to be got out of an inquisition on his motives? Nay, are we not quite certain to get some harm out of it, if we prove him base and hypocritical? Then if we began upon him, where should we stop?

Why should we not go up and down the tables of Mr. Willis, and put every dinner at the Freemason's and the London Tavern under our glass? If we began such a scrutiny we should frighten away thousands from the London poor-boxes, and set up a very ugly gallery of miserable sinners for the edification of the world—and the world is quite rich enough already in awful examples.

It is better for all parties that we should continue to believe in the genuineness of every giver, at any rate until we have contrived some perfect social scheme that shall make charity—as expressed in current coin of the realm—a superfluous presence. I fear these pages will be very yellow indeed before that good time shall have come upon our descendants.

Concluding our Pilgrimage—lingering over the old places, at the corners of familiar streets, over subjects we had laid down, only to be thrust out of the plan by more important ones, we took at last to the river and the bridges. It is from the bridges that London wears her noblest aspect—whether by night or by day, or whether seen from Westminster, or that ancient site which the genius of Rennie covers with a world-famous pile. Now we have watched the fleets into noisy Billingsgate, and now gossiped, looking toward Wren's grand dome, shaping Macaulay's dream of the far future, with the tourist New Zealander upon the broken parapets, contemplating something matching

> "The glory that was Greece,
> The grandeur that was Rome."

We have paced up and down in the small hours, marking the groups of roofless men, women, and children settle in the stone recesses, out of the reach of the east wind, that sweeps with most melancholy moan through the black shipping drawn up, majestic sentinels, along the Silent Highway.

Along this highway the artist in quest of the picturesque and suggestive in London finds the best subjects for his pencil. London, east and west, begins at Greenwich Hospital, and ends at the Star and Garter at Richmond. The northern and southern boundary lines of the great metropolis glitter with two Crystal Palaces, beautiful as any jeweled halls that have been conceived by Eastern imagination; but the river that links Greenwich with Richmond, and draws a mighty line through the home of three millions of God's creatures, has no rival thread from north to south. From north to south—from Muswell Hill to Sydenham—a straight imaginary line stretches over the busiest ways of our wonder-working Babylon, over some of the darkest as well as over some of the hopefulest of its neighborhoods. But the winding river is a silver thread that nature has wound for us. Hence we have hugged its shores of the gentle tide, paddled on its bosom, loitered with untiring feet upon the bridges that span its ripples, and found our way back to it to ponder the end of our Pilgrimage.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

THE following narrative, somewhat abbreviated, is substantially that of the principal witness in a prosecution the details of which are to be found in the records of the criminal trials of Languedoc. He tells his tale as follows:

"I had been traveling some time on the business of the firm to which I was attached, when, one evening in the month of June, I arrived at a town in Languedoc in which I was a stranger. I put up at a suburban inn, and being considerably fatigued, went early to bed, determining to rise betimes in the morning, and proceed to business. I had scarcely got into bed ere from sheer weariness I fell into a profound slumber, and had a dream which made a strong impression upon me. I fancied that I had arrived at the same town, not in the evening as I had really done, but in the middle of the day; that I had put up at the very same inn, and had gone out directly, curious to see what was worth seeing in the place. I walked along the main street into another crossing it at right angles, which appeared to lead into the country. I soon came to a church, and paused a little while to examine its Gothic portico, and then advanced to a by-path which branched off from the road. I struck into this path, which was winding, rugged, and solitary, and very soon I reached a miserable cottage, standing in a garden covered with weeds. I got into the garden through one of the numerous gaps in the inclosure; and approaching an old well which occupied a distant corner, looked down into it: there I saw distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and the wide gashes whence the blood was flowing. I would have cried out, but could not utter a sound; and I awoke, trembling with affright and moist with perspiration—to find that it was a dream.

"I could not again address myself to sleep; and although it was very early, I rose and dressed, resolving to earn by a brisk walk an appetite for my breakfast. I accordingly left the house, and walked along the main street. It was strange, but the place was not new to me; and the farther I walked, the stronger grew the confused recollection of the objects before me. 'This is odd,' I thought, 'I have never been here before, and yet I could swear to these houses as I pass them.' I went on until, coming to the corner of the street, I suddenly recalled my dream; but I put away the thought as too absurd; still, at every step some fresh point of resemblance struck me. 'Am I still dreaming?' I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill; 'is the agreement to be perfect to the end?' Before long I reached the church, which had the same architectural features which had attracted my notice in the dream; and then the high-road, along which I pursued my way, coming at length to the same by-path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before. There was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree, every turn, was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn, and was wholly engrossed in the practical detail of commercial business. I had never troubled myself about the hallucinations, the presentiments, that science denies and rejects; but I must confess that I now felt myself spell-bound as by some enchantment; and with Pascal's words on my lips, 'A continued dream would be a reality,' I hastened forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage; and this was really the case. In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen in my dream. I instantly determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every other point. I entered the garden, and went direct to the spot on which I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—there was no well. I looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible; but nowhere could I find any vestige of a well. I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to the inn, in a state of agitation which may be imagined. I could not make up my mind to pass unnoticed such extraordinary coincidences, but how was any clew to be obtained to the mystery?

"I went to the landlord, and after chatting with him for a time on different subjects, I came to the point, and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged which was on a by-road which I described to him. 'It is inhabited,' he said, 'by an old man and his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsociable. They rarely leave the house, see nobody, and nobody goes to see them; but they are quiet enough, and I never heard any thing against them. Of late their very existence seems to have been forgotten; and I believe that you, Sir, are the first person who for years has noticed them.' These details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but provoke it the more. Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it. I paced up and down the room, looked out of the window, trying to fix my attention on some external object, but in vain. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street, but the garden and the cottage had full possession of my mind, and at last, snatching my hat, I cried, 'I will go, come what may!'

"I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance as clearly as I could; and I saw that my statements were not lost upon him. 'It is, indeed, very strange,' he said; 'and after what has happened I do not think I ought to leave the matter without some inquiry. Other business will prevent my accompanying you in a search, but I will place two of the police at your command. Go once more to the hovel, see its inhabitants, and search. Perhaps you may make some important discovery.' In a few moments I was on my way, along with the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. An old man opened the door to us, and received us somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion or emotion when we told him we wished to search the house. 'Very well, gentlemen, as soon as you please,' he replied. 'Have you a well here?' I inquired. 'No, Sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance.' We searched the house, while I was so excited that I expected each moment to bring to light some fatal secret. The man looked on meanwhile with an air of vacancy, and at length we left the cottage without finding any thing to confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more; and a number of idlers having by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the sight of the police, I made inquiries of them whether they knew any thing about a well in that place. No one replied at first, but at length an old woman came slowly forward leaning on a crutch. 'A well?' cried she; 'is it the well you are looking after? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how, when I was a young girl, I used to drop stones into it and listen for the splash they made in the water.' 'And can you say where the well used to be?' I asked. 'As near as I can remember, on the very spot on which your honor is standing,' said the old woman.

"We set to work at once to dig up the ground. At the depth of some two feet we came to a layer of bricks, which being removed, laid bare some beams of timber, below which was the mouth of the well. It was a work of time to get at the secrets of the dark and fetid hole; but at length, from beneath a mass of stones and mud, an old chest was drawn up into the daylight. It was thoroughly decayed and rotten, and needed no lock-smith to open it; and we found within what I was certain we should find, and what filled with horror all the spectators, who had not my pre-convictions—we found the remains of a human body. The police now secured the person of the old man, who had not fled, and after a time discovered his wife concealed in a shed, behind a pile of wood. The old couple were brought before the proper authorities, and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted pertinaciously in declaring his innocence; but his wife at length confessed that, in concert with her husband, she had, a very long time ago, murdered a peddler whom they had met one night on the high-road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night at their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep induced by fatigue to strangle him; his body had been put into the chest, the chest cast into the well, and the well stopped up. The peddler being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no inquiry. There was no witness of the crime; and as its traces had been carefully concealed from observation, the two criminals had good reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not, however, been able to silence the voice of conscience; they fled from the sight of their fellow-men; they trembled at the least noise, while silence filled them with terror. They had often come to the resolution of leaving the scene of their crime—of flying to some distant land; but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their victim. Terrified by the deposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man finally made a similar confession; and six weeks afterward the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse."

LACE GIRLS OF NOTTINGHAM.

EVERY lace machine employing two men requires twenty to thirty women to wind the silk or cotton first, and to dress, finish, clip, and scallop, and card or fold, and pack up the goods at last. The above is a moderate estimate of the proportion of girls over sixteen years old required. "Pattern girls," who make up pattern-books, and post up and prepare, ticket and number, little packets of patterns to go abroad, and who, therefore, must have some education, or at least write fairly, get about £1 a week. From three or four to thirty or forty of these smart girls are employed in each warehouse. They must be dressed well, and sometimes rather smartly, because they are constantly in and out of the sale-rooms, and seen by the buyers. "Jenniers," who wind the lace on the cards, get about £1 a week, and finishers generally 12*s.* to £1 5*s.* These are "warehouse hands," and they consider themselves superior to "factory hands," though they do not, I should think, get on an average higher wages, if so much, for a clever frame clipper or winder in a factory can earn from 18*s.* to 25*s.* a week. "Dressing" is dirty work, done in intensely hot rooms, in enormously large buildings, but the girls' wages are very high. This immense demand for female labor the town, of course, can not supply. The work is so lucrative, and so light and agreeable, especially the warehouse work, that young girls are attracted from all the towns and villages round, and even from a considerable distance. These girls live, remote from their friends, in lodgings. Sometimes several join and rent a house, and live together.